JOHN BULL, week ending September 18, 1943

JOHN BULL

VOL. LXXIV, 1944

3D EVERY THURSDAY

OVER-TIME FOR M.Ps! by the EDITOR

WHAT YOU'LL GET by SWAFFER

WHEN THE BIG THREE MEET By A.G.G.

Chocolate saves soldier

A survivor of a grim artillery battle in Tunisia wrote 'Lucky I had a water bottle and a bar of chocolate which kept me going those four days.'

Chocolate does keep men going. That is why our armies need many, many tons of good, sustaining chocolate, and why chocolate manufacturers are now busy building up supplies to feed the children of liberated Europe.

And that is why it is difficult to get Cadburys.

CADBURY means QUALITY

You can replace the stopper..
we can't!
Bulmer's Bottle Stoppers are made of precious rubber and if lost cannot be renewed. To help conserve vital stocks of rubber and at the same time maintain your supplies of Bulmers, please see that the stoppers are returned to your Dealer with all 'empties.'
BULMER'S DRY CIDER
BOTTLED BY H.P. BULMER & CO HEREFORD
Bulmer's Cider
H. P. BULMER AND CO., LTD., HEREFORD.
royds65

FOOD FACTS

The Pulping Method of bottling fruit

Lay in a good supply of fruit for next winter by bottling as much as possible now

The chief advantage of the Pulping method of bottling fruit without sugar is that the bottles hold two or three times more than if bottled whole. Also, you can use windfalls, first removing any bruised parts.

1. Stew the fruit in a little water (only enough to prevent burning) until thoroughly pulped — about 30 minutes for soft fruit, longer for hard-textured fruits.
2. Pour at once into clean *hot* jars. Fill only one at a time and keep remainder of fruit simmering.
3. Seal immediately with the rubber ring, lid, and clip or screw-band. If the screw-band is used, give it a half-turn back to allow for expansion.
4. Place the jars in a pan of hot water, letting the water completely cover the jars. Bring to the boil, and boil for 5 minutes. (Tomatoes require 15 minutes.) When ready, lift out the jars one at a time, and stand on a wooden surface. If you are using screw-bands, these should be tightened, and may need further tightening as the jar cools.

5. Next day test as follows: Remove the screw-band or clip, then take hold of the glass or metal lid and lift up gently. If the lid does not come off but lifts the bottle safely, it means the "seal" is perfect. If the bottle has not sealed, use the fruit within a few days.

Don't bottle vegetables (except tomatoes) unless you have a pressure cooker.

Can you answer YES to these?

1. Have you signed your name on your new Identity Card? (Don't write anything else on it.)
2. Have you cut out your Clothing Book from your Food Ration Book, and filled in your name and address on the cover?
3. Have you filled in your address on the front cover of your Food Ration Book, filled in page 35, Section A, and made sure that page 36 has been properly filled in?
4. Have you filled in your name and National Registration number on any Personal Points sheet which you may have taken out of the book?

If not, see that you do them all at once.

LISTEN TO THE KITCHEN FRONT EVERY MORNING AT 8.15

ISSUED BY THE MINISTRY OF FOOD, LONDON, W.1. FOOD FACTS No. 166

ALASIL

The New & Perfect COMBINATION OF ASPIRIN *with* 4 OUTSTANDING ADVANTAGES

1. *Gives Quick Relief from Pain.*
2. *Helps Digestion and Soothes the Stomach.*
3. *Removes excess Acid.*
4. *Has no ill or unpleasant After-effects.*

WITH all the merits of aspirin plus important additional properties, 'Alasil' Tablets represent a great step forward in the relief of pain. In conditions such as Headache, Neuralgia, Rheumatism and Nerve-strain 'Alasil' Tablets dispel pain speedily and effectively.

'Alasil' Tablets are prepared from the purest aspirin and contain a proportion of 'Alocol'—an antacid and gastric sedative which provides a protective coating to the stomach, and absorbs any excess acid which may be present. Thus 'Alasil' Tablets have no unpleasant after-effects on the stomach or digestion.

Widely prescribed by the Medical and Dental professions, 'Alasil' Tablets are the modern, improved treatment for relief from all forms of physical and nervous pain.

6d. in Cartons. Also in Bottles 1/11½

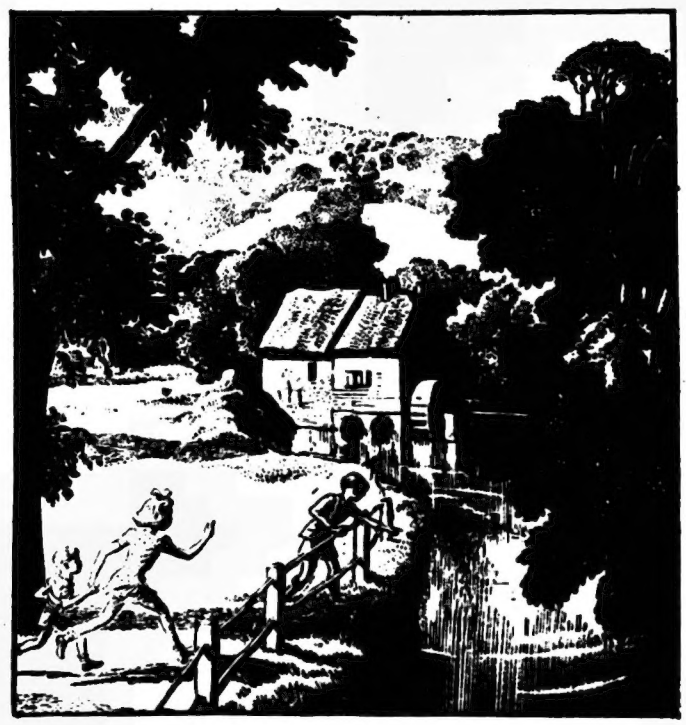
A.S.6

Babies first, please!

The most delicate baby stomach will accept milk when it is Nestlé's Milk. Time and again Nestlé's Milk—rich, concentrated, yet almost digesting itself—has proved the turning point in a difficult baby's life.

While supplies of Nestlé's Milk are short, please leave it for the babies.

Issued by Nestlé's Milk Products Ltd.



Children have a special claim to Horlicks

—please leave it for them

ONE REASON why Horlicks is scarce is that it is included in emergency rations supplied to sailors and airmen, who may have to live for many days without normal supplies of food.

Horlicks also goes to hospitals, to certain war factories, and to miners who are doing vital work under most trying conditions.

Nevertheless, some Horlicks is still being supplied to the shops. Please leave it for those who need it most. And make Horlicks by mixing it with water only. The milk is already in it.

HORLICKS

LET ME BE YOUR FATHER

You need help and Fatherly advice in difficult times like these. I am in a position to give that to you Free.

Our fees are still pre-war.

We teach nearly all Trades and Professions by post in all parts of the world. Distance makes no difference.

The most progressive and most successful Correspondence College in the world.

If you know what you want to study, write for prospectus.

If you are undecided, write for my Fatherly advice, it is Free.

Direct mail to :—

Dept. 31,
THE BENNETT COLLEGE,
SHEFFIELD.

This meal-time drink is a food as well

Your family's regular meal-time drink can be a good body-building, energ -giving food — Rowntree's Cocoa. It is nourishing and easily digestible, and even makes it easier to digest your other food.

ROWNTREE'S COCOA

makes every meal go further

JOHN BULL

Thursday, for week ending Saturday, September 18, 1943.
93, Long Acre, W.C.2. Telephone: Temple Bar 2468.

" Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them; naught shall make us rue
If England to itself do rest but true."

BLACK STORY

● **Four pitmen toiled for victory deep down in a North Country colliery.**

Until one strained his heart mixing his hewing for victory with Home Guard duties.

And two more were so injured in pit accidents that they couldn't continue. And the health of the fourth broke down under the strain of work too heavy for him.

So now, because the pit company owns most of the houses in the village, as many of them do, they are being turned out of their homes with their families.

With what hope of getting new accommodation anybody who is homeless will know.

We are getting reports of similar ejections from other colliery areas.

" We've got to cater for the new volunteers for the pits," is the usual explanation offered.

Concerning which, one word.

Local authorities should be empowered to build new houses rather than broken miners should be made homeless like this. Treat pitmen fairly —and we'll get those volunteers.

Straight from the Shoulder

HIT HARD! HIT QUICKLY!

AT no period in the war have the Allies enjoyed such wealth of opportunity for action.

So many big moves are possible, and such immense resources are now freed for their execution, that any temptation to linger over alternatives must be resisted.

Nazi Germany must be allowed no pause in which to recover from the shock of the Italian collapse. The time to hit her with everything we have is NOW!

At Bay, Alone

Barely three months ago Germany's outposts were on the North African coastline; now the United Nations are well into Europe, established in force some 600 miles nearer the Nazi fortress.

And Germany faces this mounting threat alone. Her wretched satellites will fall away rapidly now. Soon she will be without a single friend.

Ruthless Resistance

For that very reason we may expect her resistance to be all the more desperate. Trusting to Himmler to keep the people in an iron grip, the Nazis will stick at nothing to stave off defeat.

No fiendish device will be left untried. If the final phase of the struggle is opening up we may depend upon its being the most bitter.

Targets Unlimited

The new bombing bases now available to the Allies open up possibilities which must appal the Nazi High Command.

Even the early attacks on Austrian centres were speedily followed by strikes and demonstrations. And the order for the mass evacuation of Vienna was given before Italy's surrender brought our bombers so close.

Now any transfer of workers is futile. No part of Hitler's fortress is immune.

Squealing Rats

Watch out for the Balkan rats trying to disguise themselves in rabbit skins.

Hungary, which first sensed danger when Mussolini fell, is squealing loudest. Her ill-gotten territorial gains at the expense of other Balkan countries are on her conscience.

Waiting and Watching

Meanwhile, Rumania glowers across the frontier at Hungary, her traditional enemy, and waits for the moment to stab her in the back.

Bulgaria, too, sees retribution coming to her. She may make the most of the fact that she never fought against Russia; but we cannot forget her mean onslaught on our Greek allies.

At Sea, Too

If Germany has growing worries on land and in the air, her problems at sea are no less pressing.

The *Luftwaffe's* claim to have sunk three times the amount of shipping accounted for by U-boats in August is an open rebuke to Admiral Doenitz.

Never mind the exaggerated figures. Berlin has virtually admitted that the U-boat no longer justifies the description of " Hitler's Prime Weapon."

U-Boats Still Dangerous

Though not wholly mastered, the U-boat has proved a failure during the greatest Allied sea moves ever made.

But German scientists may yet find some new counters to Allied weapons and some new offensive devices.

New U-boat armament against aircraft has failed to reduce losses, though some U-boats which have stayed on the surface to " shoot it out " have brought down Allied aircraft.

Decisive Zones

Berlin knows that the only decisive battles against Allied convoys must be fought on the main trade routes of the North Atlantic and in the Western approaches to the Mediterranean.

Yet it is in these very waters that the U-boats have, over a period of months, sustained their heaviest failures. This explains the reappearance of the *Luftwaffe* in these zones. It would be folly to minimise its attempts to make up for the U-boats' failures.

Hitler Wants Rain

Meanwhile, the mighty Russian drive goes on relentlessly, and Hitler sees no respite there until the autumn rains transform roads and fields into seas of mud.

That same pause, when it comes, may provide the opportunity for Marshal Stalin to meet Churchill and Roosevelt.

Big Three

They are eager for the meeting and willing to travel vast distances to make it possible. But Stalin, who really does direct military operations in Russia, has not yet been free.

Moscow has at last seen the value of our European " under-belly " strategy.

Resentment about delay in opening a Western Front is diminishing. It should be dispelled completely once the Big Three get together.

Another Weather Watcher

Also watching the weather with some anxiety is Japan's Premier, Tojo.

The monsoon is ending. The campaigning season is nearly here.

So Japan is busy putting out rumours in an effort to draw from us admissions of our intentions. One such rumour is that we have massed nearly a million men on the Burma border.

We are hardly likely to enlighten Japan till our forces strike.

Bluster Gone

There is a marked change these days in Tojo's personal bearing.

His bombast and bluster have gone. He says openly that the position is terribly serious for Japan. Other Jap spokesmen hint that if " by chance " the war is lost it will be because the people are divided.

After Victory

By contrast, China's grand Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek tells his people confidently that " Victory is drawing near."

And he underlines the vital importance of post-war political and economic reconstruction.

Looking Ahead

Mr. Churchill, too, for all his pressing burdens, is not too busy to look ahead. Indeed, many of his recent utterances have shown inspired vision. His Harvard speech is a shining example.

He wisely declared that post-war association must be for the sake of service to mankind and not " for any purpose of gaining invidious material advantages or for territorial aggrandisement."

This is the doctrine of " co-operation, not competition," which JOHN BULL has preached for months.

Still to be Solved

Of the many problems that will face the United Nations after the war, none is more thorny than that of Germany's place in the world, once the Nazis are defeated.

It is true that the Atlantic Charter offers an " endeavour " to ensure " victor or vanquished " equal access to trade and raw materials. But there is no settled policy.

Russia's Lead

Russia, at least, has left the world in no doubt in this respect. Her sole aim is the complete destruction of the Hitlerite régime. In spite of all the wrongs she has endured, she entertains no thought of vengeance against the ordinary German people.

Marshal Stalin has declared this again and again. A similar forthright declaration from all the United Nations would carry immense propaganda value.

Tolerance Needed

We shall need all the tolerance and co-operation in the world to rebuild our scheme of things.

Russia, though fighting for her life in the biggest battles ever known, has shown that she has these qualities.

She abandoned the Comintern; she welcomed the election of an all-Russian Patriarch of the Russian Orthodox Church, thus closing a gap which once seemed to some to be unbridgable.

Good Will Delegates

Significant, too, was the presence of the ten Russian delegates at the annual meeting of the T.U.C. at Southport.

In one momentous week these ambassadors of Russia's workers heard many vital topics discussed.

And they heard Mr. Bevin say of Russia that, however we may have misunderstood her before, there is no ground for any misunderstanding now.

Home Problems, Too

While learning to think internationally, it is as well to realise that a settled world is the first essential before we can hope to put our own house in order. And domestic problems are plentiful enough, as will be seen in our leading article on page 5.

Demand for Reform

And one of the first measures to be introduced will be a Bill to prolong the life of Parliament by another year.

The present House of Commons was elected in 1935, and since then something like a third of its membership has been replaced as a result of death, appointments to offices of profit, and so on.

Agitation for electoral reform will be renewed. The Government is committed to the redistribution of seats, but so far Ministers have refused to yield to any demand for reform.

(Continued overleaf)

" 1,000 FIRES A DAY ARE HELPING HITLER "—The Rt. Hon. Herbert Morrison, M.P.

" John Bull " offers free to every reader Comprehensive Household Benefits, including protection for readers' furniture and personal effects against loss by

FIRE, STORM, FLOOD, LIGHTNING, BURGLARY, etc.

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Readers who have not already registered can obtain Registration Forms from " John Bull's " Insurance Department, 128, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER

CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE

THE country's doctors, guardians of human life, are marshalling their forces to begin a fight to the death.

Zero hour comes when the Minister of Health issues his White Paper proposals for a comprehensive health service on the lines of the Beveridge Report.

Doctors say "No"

It means a fight for and against State control of the medical services—a bitter fight between the most stubbornly professional profession in the world and those who champion the rights of the poor.

Mr. Ernest Brown. The doctors will fight him

Many of Britain's 33,000 doctors, led by the British Medical Association, hate the idea of centralised control. They'll flare up, like dogs with a threatened bone, at anything Mr. Ernest Brown has to say against perpetuating the old doctor-patient relationship.

Says the British Medical Association: "It's not in the public interest that the State should convert the medical profession into a salaried branch of central or local government services."

The Poor 11,000,000

It's certainly not in the interest (financially) of a lot of doctors. So many of them are not concerned about the 11,000,000 out-patients who queue up in London alone each year for hospital treatment.

They're fonder of the people who taxi to Harley Street or Wimpole Street with cheque books in their pockets.

Wealth Campaign

Some prosperous provincial doctors who own city practices feel themselves equally threatened—the men who do little doctoring themselves but employ newly qualified young medicos to do the work.

Certain flourishing doctors are spending money, paper and time to organise feeling against a State health service. And JOHN BULL wants to be sure they don't get their way just because of their resources.

Gagged

We want to be sure, as well, that the point of view of the young doctor is properly studied. Thousands of these doctors are now in the Services helping us to win the war.

They are pretty well deprived of any say in the future of the profession on which their livelihood will one day depend.

These doctors in uniform have no fat practices. In many cases they've sacrificed their chances of any practice at all by joining up. Their interests should be watched.

The Idealists

And now, having put the case against the medical money-makers, let's remember those who have a real, passionate love of healing.

Hundreds of doctors, who have got to the heights of their profession, spend three-quarters of their time working in the hospitals for nothing. Hundreds of general practitioners, who have chosen to work among the poor, are content to do twelve or fourteen hours a day for a bank clerk's salary.

In the Wrens

A Newcastle-on-Tyne reader has written to tell us about a member of his family—a 21-year-old girl—who has just joined the Wrens.

She went to a Scottish training camp and within a fortnight was seriously ill with suspected dysentery. Hers was not the only case, and our correspondent believes the camp, a collection of Nissen huts, was left in a filthy condition by the sailors who were there before.

We Want to Know

He thinks there is a grave danger of general infection and has asked us to investigate. "Isn't it scandalous," he asks, "that our young women should be taken from good homes and put to live in such conditions?"

There's no doubt many women in the Services have had to put up with squalor they wouldn't tolerate for a day in ordinary circumstances. About this particular camp we cannot judge. We've asked the Admiralty to get the facts.

44-Hour Week

In a London works there are many men of military age in the "body shop" who have not worked more than forty-four hours a week since the war began. They are all first-class craftsmen who could fit into the aircraft factories at once.

They are now building and servicing vehicles, but they come under the Essential Work Order—which means they can't leave their posts.

By Order

These facts have been sent to us by one of the employees, who thinks it wrong that women old enough to be the mothers of some of his workmates should be directed to factories and his own friends prevented from contributing 100 per cent. to the war effort.

If the Minister of Labour is interested (as he ought to be), we'll be pleased to tell him more about the London works.

Seaside Swindle

Still the cases of impudent profiteering come in. A colleague has just been to Minehead. Looking for apartments for himself, his wife, 14-year-old son and baby, he was offered two double bedrooms, without service and without food, for £9 2s. a week.

He turned down the offer. Later he heard that someone who had booked without taking the precaution of asking the price had been properly caught.

Miles Too Dear

Last week an Army Corporal, on leave, hired a car at Cheltenham to go to a place five miles away.

The charge was 15s.—3s. *a mile. The car had no clock. But the driver apparently knew it was war time.*

Was it Waste?

He wasn't going to waste his petrol.

We wonder whether Jack Mandy, a young Luton electrician, was really wasting *his* when he drove off on his motor-cycle to fetch the doctor to his dying baby.

Jack Mandy was fined 40s. for misusing petrol, though the Chief Constable agreed there were "extenuating circumstances."

Denied a Chance

One of the things JOHN BULL is always pleading for is the use of discretion in the interpretation of war time regulations. If small-time officials could only forget the rules once in a way.

For instance, a Southend man who's been discharged from the Army after serving ten years and seventy days has been trying to get a licence to open a small greengrocery business. His right arm is useless and the work would suit him, as his father-in-law is in the business and would set him up and help him.

Think Again

One hundred and fifty householders signed a petition saying that another shop was needed in the area, but the Food Committee would not grant a licence.

No one could say they were not carrying out their instructions. It's good for the war effort that there should be as much shop centralisation as possible. But surely this ex-Serviceman's case deserves second thoughts?

Money to Spare

Looking through the provincial papers this week we saw, within a few minutes: (*a*) One of the "Squanderbug" advertisements; (*b*) a report of a widow who'd put into savings stamps every penny she'd earned in ten months' charing; and (*c*) an advertisement announcing that £250,000 cash was available for the purchase of holdings in companies with post-war prospects.

We recommend (*a*) and (*b*) to the notice of the people responsible for (*c*), and remind them that Sir Kingsley Wood sells Defence Bonds.

Big Money People

Who are the people with big money to invest in these days of crushing taxation?

A man who arranges annuities tells us that of his last ten clients six have been wholesale fruit and vegetable dealers.

Men, no doubt, who divert the best of everything to hotels and restaurants for cash, and so, unlike their honest competitors, get what prices they like and dodge income tax.

BEHIND THE NEWS

- **Clear instructions to take a bolder anti-Nazi line have reached the German bishops from the Pope.**
- *First result is an organised series of sermons in which the German people are being prepared for the "battle of the bishops" against Nazism.*
- **Cadres of resistance, armed and trained on military lines, are now ready for action in France, Holland and Belgium.**
- **Following the escape of several prominent members of the French Resistance Movements plans for concerted action between all these groups have been completed.**
- *When Antonescu refused to visit Hitler the Rumanian Ambassador in Berlin was summoned to the Fuehrer's H.Q for instructions.*
- **At the same time the Wehrmacht has instructed Killinger, the Nazi terrorist and Hitler's representative in Rumania, to take drastic action against anti-German elements.**
- **Ingenious campaign to dispel hatred of Germans in occupied countries has been launched by Goebbels. Nazi-controlled newspapers cunningly suggest that atrocities have not been committed by Nazis. Instead Fascist elements in the countries themselves are blamed.**

● **Here's a letter which we've just received from a private in the Middle East Forces:**

Sir,—I am writing this letter to you in the hope that you can help me out in some way. I would like you to solve this mystery for me if possible. Here it is. A few weeks ago the police visited my home to find out why I had not joined the Home Guard, and since then my mother has received several papers requiring me to register for the Army. I would like to know why they keep worrying her with such a foolish thing, as I have been serving abroad for two years. Do a "Desert Rat" a favour and settle this up for me. Cheerio. All the best and lots of luck.—Yours truly, Pte. Guy.

Private Guy's home is at Gloucester. The authorities there seem to have time on their hands.

Field Courses

What an excellent suggestion Lord Trent made the other day when he said all boys and girls should spend some time on the land after leaving school or during their holidays.

A member of the W.L.A. meets cheerful folk

This summer has proved beyond doubt the value of a mingling of town and country customs. The farm labourer and the city clerk have taught each other something, and there's no reason at all why the lessons should end with the war. A *Times* correspondent, having worked as a volunteer in three different counties for two summers and one autumn, concludes that, despite their long hours, "the native farmworkers are cheerful, pleasant folk to deal with."

Appreciated

Exactly. And for their part the farmers have found the townsmen so useful that they've asked volunteers to stay on till this month's over to see the later corn harvests through and then help with the potato and sugar beet lifting.

This is Sabotage

We continue to get complaints about utility wear that is threadbare in no time. We shouldn't get one.

For if everybody making these goods or supplying the raw materials played the game, as most of them do, utility wear should be long-wearing and unusually good war-time value.

Now and then Board of Trade inspectors "catch out" firms who are sabotaging an excellent scheme. But it handles them in a very kid-gloved way.

Boggiers

Then there are boot repairers who put on soles and heels which pull away in a fortnight, when the valuable leather is little more than scratched.

Raw materials are more precious than ever before in history. But never has more been wasted by penny-snatchers.

WITHOUT FEAR OR FAVOUR

By THE EDITOR

OVERTIME FOR M.P.s!

HUGE arrears of work will confront Parliament when it reassembles in a few days' time.

The stock excuse for piling up these arrears has always been that the conduct of the war must have precedence over every domestic problem.

Some of these problems, however, are inseparable from the war effort. There need have been no coal productions crisis, for instance, had bold action been taken to avoid it four years ago.

Many other problems, though less urgent from the purely military point of view, are of no less vital importance to the country and must be tackled forthwith if we are to avoid chaos after victory is won.

JOHN BULL deplores the Government's tendency to postpone action even on accepted principles.

The most glaring illustration of this tendency is its failure to implement even those parts of the Beveridge Report which it has officially accepted.

Sir William Jowitt leads us to hope for an announcement further defining the Government's attitude in the near future.

But JOHN BULL and, we believe, the majority of the population are more concerned about actions than attitudes.

"Social Security" has become a tremendous national objective. The public as a whole demands it. It wants *"All Beveridge—and More"*!

When we published a leading article under this heading last May we said that we should be satisfied with *"nothing less than the abolition of want, ignorance, squalor and preventable disease in these islands."*

We stand by that statement. No Minister of the Crown would dare to say that we are asking for too much.

But, since the Government's limited, cautious and somewhat equivocal approval of Sir William Beveridge's main proposals, there have been nothing but hesitations, reservations and delays.

MR. ERNEST BROWN, the Minister of Health, expects to issue a White Paper next month containing proposals for a comprehensive national health service on the Beveridge lines already approved in principle.

When this White Paper comes out, it will call for extensive discussion in the House. Doctors and other experts will have to be consulted. Members will have to ventilate their individual opinions.

All this is reasonable democratic procedure. The danger is that any White Paper *can* be used as an excuse for whitewashing governmental inactivity.

There can be no delaying action more dangerous than that which is conducted under the camouflage of earnest consideration.

Already there is a White Paper on educational reform. We approve its main proposals, but we take note with grave anxiety that—as Mr. Harold Clay (Transport and General Workers) pointed out to the Trades Union Congress—"It is extremely doubtful," if Mr. Butler's proposals are not speeded up, "whether any child now living will benefit from them!"

Beveridge has come to be regarded as the touchstone of our leaders' sincerity. The country is not willing to wait indefinitely for the carrying out of reforms upon which it has set its heart.

Moreover, the thinking voter, man or woman, has come to realise that the main problems of demobilisation and post-war employment cannot be fairly tackled unless and until the Government has acted on the accepted principles of Social Security.

When we said, "All Beveridge—and More!" we had in mind Old Age Pensions among other things. We felt that Sir William had not gone far enough—and certainly not fast enough—in his proposals to bring the old folks' income up to a reasonable living standard.

The Government, making the best of its poor case for watering Beveridge down, stressed its intention to out-do Sir William in generosity to Darby and Joan.

But what has it actually done? It has left tens of thousands of veterans to the mercy of a kind of Means Test, and it has *not* yet had the courage to raise the standard pension rate to the level which the national conscience regards as a minimum.

SIMILARLY, we are now encouraged to hope for the application of the "pay-as-you-earn" principle to all wage-earning income tax payers.

We know that the Chancellor of the Exchequer has been giving favourable consideration to this obviously desirable change in the method of raising Inland Revenue.

But we also know that the United States and Canada have already put the job through. They could see, just as we did, that it is absurd to tax the worker on to-day's possibly reduced earnings for yesterday's possibly large pay-packet.

If 50,000 experts sat on this proposed reform for 50,000 years they still could not refute its desirability in the public interest or pretend that it would really cost the country anything at all.

JOHN BULL is confident that pay-as-you-earn tax collection ought to be applied not only to all wage-earners but to all salaried staffs as well.

And, furthermore, we are certain that it could be so applied at short notice provided the Government had the drive to carry out its good intentions.

But that's the trouble all along the line. Ministers put their hands on their hearts and vow that the problem of post-war aviation is receiving earnest attention.

Yet the weeks and the months pass by without any definite statement of policy, let alone any concrete action.

Distribution, as we have repeatedly pointed out, is, in its present ill-regulated form, "one of the most costly of our national luxuries." But little is being done to put it on a businesslike footing.

Our whole war-time transport system is nothing but a compromise.

The Government admits that the housing shortage is likely to be graver than we have ever known before, but it has not made the slightest move to implement the Uthwatt, Barlow and Scott Reports—all three of which were called for at its own request and which do supply, collectively, a basis for positive action.

The result of shelving these urgent proposals is that house property rockets upwards in price; that land values are becoming dangerously inflated; that speculators are coining money; and, above all, that local authorities are left powerless to lay their plans for a new and better Britain.

We could go on at length to instance many other vital reforms which have been "left in the air."

Words are cheap and promises cost nothing. Mr. Bevin has certainly given some indication of the *principles* upon which the Government proposes to act when the time for demobilisation arrives.

But "longest in, soonest out," is only a rule-of-thumb guide to go upon. This country needs a demobilisation programme worked out in advance for the greatest good of the greatest number.

It does not feel satisfied with talk of a forthcoming Seamen's Charter; it expects such a charter to be put into force in time to benefit the brave men who are risking their lives for us all *now*.

Whatever arguments Mr. Bevin may advance, the bulk of the population will not readily agree to the conscription of youths into the mining industry, nor to the direction of women of forty-five to fifty into war factories.

If these drastic measures *have* to be taken, then the people will want assurance that they are being carried through with strict impartiality, and—furthermore—that all the man-power of which we are said to be so short is being utilised to the utmost advantage. At present we know that it is not.

AND how much longer are we to wait for a clear-cut agricultural policy that will safeguard the interests of the consumer? Problems of nutrition and fair distribution must rank at least on a level with those affecting farmers and their workers.

In fact, all thinking men and women must be appalled at the unprecedented "log jam" which now threatens to hold up our domestic progress at every point.

There is one key-log in all this welter of delayed legislation which needs to be moved if we are to avert disaster. That is the Beveridge Report, which *must* be steered to the Statute Book without further delay.

M.P.s must work overtime during the coming session. We need bold political lumbermen, ready to risk all to free the great stream of social progress.

Four Last Points of Contact

"LETTERS From Enemy Territory Department. . . ." A cold enough title. . . . The offices which bear that name are equally unromantic.

* * *

But away in Berlin, in Bremen, Frankfurt and Paris, they know these offices. They are the last link, the last hope, for scores of people.

Every day hundreds of letters from Germany and German occupied territory pour into these offices. Some of them come from relatives in Germany of men and women living in this country.

It is one of the most remarkable organisations in this war. Its letters pass to and fro in mailbags marked "Box 506 Lisbon." Of course, they are subject to rigid censorship. Every letter must also conform to agreed rules.

Sometimes letters arrive with the not very helpful inscription. . . "Mr. Smith, Box 506, Lisbon."

Time and again experts have traced down a Mr. Smith with only a straw to guide them.

Scientists have a similar organisation for the exchange of scientific journals. It represents the second point of contact remaining with the enemy. It enables the world of science to keep check of any new steps in certain fields. But nothing leaks out which may affect the course of the war.

Something similar happens with our ordinary newspapers.

* * *

Four days after the *Volkische Beobachter* appears on the streets of Berlin copies of the paper arrive in London. There is an agent at the British Embassy in Lisbon whose job it is to buy German newspapers from the Portuguese and put them aboard 'planes bound for London. In the same way a German agent gets copies of our newspapers to send from Lisbon to Berlin. There is no bad feeling about it. The traffic goes on quite openly, simply because it serves the purposes of both countries to know what the other is printing in its newspapers.

* * *

The last extraordinary point of contact with Germany is a special train which actually runs from Tripoli to Germany! Twice a week the train sets out from its Syrian terminus. It is called the Taurus Express, and in peace time it ran between London and Bagdad Now it is the last land link between Axis and Allied countries.

VINCENT BROME

OPEN LETTERS

Rev. LOUIS A. EWART, Vicar of Earls Barton, Northants

DEAR VICAR,—Two of your utterances must have surprised a recent congregation: (1) "It is not yet apparent for what purpose Britain has been saved in this war"; and (2) "Nothing that has happened either in the pre-war years or in the four years of war has justified the assumption that Britain is worth saving."

God moves in a mysterious way. The post-war world is still a world of shadows, of visions, of plans, of fears. It is in the mould, and the potter has yet to look on his work.

But whatever it is, it will be a Paradise to the world Hitler would have built *if the people of Britain had not decided that this country was worth saving; and that the world itself had to be saved from the darkest tyranny in history.*

To millions of enslaved, persecuted people in Europe the purpose of Britain's salvation is plain. It is expressed in such words as freedom, happiness, decency, justice, the right to pursue any creed or religion without fear of the lash or the concentration camp.

The courage, sacrifice, endurance and fortitude of the people of Britain justify the assumption that the land is worth saving. And the spiritual uplift of the men and women who have given their all is the measure of their belief in a great Cause, as worthy as any your Church, or any Church, has ever embraced.

I know there was a lot wrong with pre-war Britain. That, I think, is what your drastic words were meant to convey.

But surely you have detected a rising tide of determination to put those wrongs right—as stolid as the national determination to bring Hitler and his evil régime to the ground.—JOHN BULL.

Lady OPENSHAW, Regional Officer for N.W. England

DEAR MADAM,—It's always our poor girls who're the Aunt Sallies to-day. They're wrenched from their homes, directed to factories, sent into the Fighting Services, and told to get on with the job. They have got on with the job, and in so doing they have been the subject of vicious attacks by moral snoopers—attacks which have been proved officially to be baseless.

Now you crack a puritanical whip at the still younger girls of fourteen and over, those children who have been caught up by the fierce tide of war and swept at tender ages into shops, offices and factories.

"They are getting," you say, "into an appalling state of moral laxity, which will last long after the war. . . ." They treat each other in pubs, and brag about their capacity for heavy drinking. . . . Any girl who tries to stand out against drinking is regarded as "soft and a mug."

You blame "the utter collapse of parental control" for this state of affairs. But you know that for every girl in the early 'teens who drinks there are twenty who have never been in a public-house. The noisy minority, unbalanced by comparatively high wages, and carried away by the lax example of their elders, are only to be pitied.

They need help and sympathetic aid, not scorn and contempt. They are the product of the topsy-turvy age which has destroyed so much of that home life vital to their proper training and unbringing.

That such girls do exist is admitted. But that their existence justifies sweeping generalisations such as you make is quite another thing. Tolerance and understanding are great virtues. Nay, they are essential qualities in those whose task it is to guide young people and to foster in them a sense of the common decencies.

The youth of this country is sound. It has proved its worth. And all the condemnations you and others like you utter will fail to convince me otherwise.—JOHN BULL.

Dame ANNE LOUGHLIN, President, Trades Union Congress

DEAR MADAM,—The women of Britain, whose toil and sacrifice have done so much to plant the nation's feet firmly on the road to victory, are millions strong. Yet their champions are few. I suppose one reason is that for every woman who is able to speak with authority, there are scores of men.

You have made history by becoming the first woman to lead the T.U.C. The post is a difficult one, full of strain, beset by political pitfalls, and constantly presenting problems.

The whole vast movement of Organised Labour looks to you for leadership and inspiration. And I hope that every man in the ranks of the T.U.C. will dwell on your appeal for equal pay for equal work for women, and will make up his mind to fight for that fundamental justice.

As you pointed out, the Government has given way in one respect and has granted equal compensation for civil injuries sustained by enemy action. Now you suggest that the Government might give another lead by bringing equality to the wage packet.

The Government must bear a large part of the blame for not giving full recognition to the industrial services of women. But the councils of the T.U.C. are not guiltless. There are in your ranks still reactionary elements who view with distrust and some alarm the advent of woman into industry.

That is a problem that must be tackled. Once the T.U.C. is unanimous in its desire for equality and is ready to fight wholeheartedly for it, the battle will be half won.—JOHN BULL.

Capt. E. C. EVANS, O.B.E., Master, "British Confidence"

DEAR SKIPPER,—Your ship, a 12,000-ton tanker, has steamed since the war nearly a quarter of a million miles. She has carried in her dangerous world voyages 75 million gallons of petrol, which have kept Allied bombers, tanks and trucks going in every war theatre where Britons are fighting.

You and your officers and men are the unsung heroes. You have survived U-boat attacks, mines and other hazards which make the sea-lanes of to-day veritable waters of death.

Many tanks have become funeral pyres for brave men. Yet the petrol had to come through. Without it all the vast arms production of the British and American arsenals was useless.

The nation can give thanks to men like you for the victorious surge of our tanks in Italy, for the mighty air offensive against Hitler's fortress, and for the flood of supplies which follow the Fighting Forces. "Gentlemen tankers out on the sea: steaming 'twixt death and eternity."—JOHN BULL.

Sir WILLIAM JOWITT, M.P., Minister Without Portfolio

DEAR SIR WILLIAM,—Although talk of demobilisation may seem premature, there is no reason why plans to return our fighting men smoothly and quickly to civilian life should not be completed well ahead of the day when Germany throws in the towel.

You are to be asked by M.P.s to report on proposals already before the Government, and you have already disclosed that the principle of "First in, first out," will be the guiding factor.

But the issue is far more complicated than that. The needs of industry must be studied; so must the needs of the nation. The scramble of the last great demobilisation must be avoided.

Priorities there must be. Men from the building trade will be among the first to come home. It would be folly to keep them in khaki when millions of new houses are needed.

Plans, whatever they are, must be elastic so that the change-over from war to peace is achieved with a minimum of domestic and industrial disturbance.—JOHN BULL.

The Colour Question—and Sex

ARGUE IT OUT

★

By PALLAS

ONE problem the Americans, willy-nilly, could not leave at home when they embarked for Britain—the colour question. I was having a drink in Soho the other day when six Americans walked in and ordered whiskies.

Before the drinks could be served two U.S. coloured troops came in. The whites looked at the Negroes in disgust. Then the soldier who had ordered the drinks said curtly to the barmaid: "Wash those drinks out, miss," and went out, followed by his five buddies.

★ ★ ★

On that particular day feeling was high in London because there had been a fracas the previous night between white and coloured American troops, and knives had been used.

I thought of this incident when I read the references to the colour question of Sir Gervais Rentoul, the West London Magistrate. Addressing three men, two of them Americans in the Canadian Army, who appeared before him as the result of a brawl in an hotel with two coloured soldiers, he said:

"You had no right to behave in this way. . . . Whether these men are coloured or not, they all have their rights, and must be treated properly and decently. It is the whole basis on which our civilisation and our Empire rest."

This case, following quickly on that of Mr. Leary Constantine, the West Indian cricketer, who was asked to leave a West End hotel, serves to illustrate that the colour question is still a major issue with some people.

"It's no use you English trying to understand the colour problem," an American told me. "It's something you can't grasp. It goes deeper than colour, deeper than race. It's just . . . well, it's just there. Until you have lived in the States for years and have experienced the problem first hand you simply know nothing about it."

★ ★ ★

I did not argue with the American, for he was making a statement which I could not dispute. But I felt that the colour question was being regarded by him and his fellows as a major problem instead of a minor one.

Yet, no matter how broad-minded one may be, no matter how one tries to spread the doctrine of equality and to maintain the democratic declaration that all men of all colours-and of all breeds are equal, the fact remains that the sight of coloured men with white women arouses repugnance.

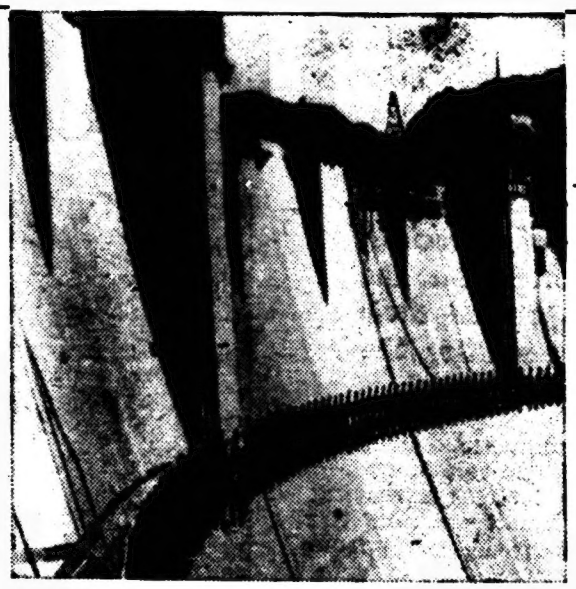
★ ★ ★

I blame the white women more than the coloured men. They are the trashy stuff that cause the trouble. They are the type that will follow any man who has a few pounds in his pocket; and the resentment of white people for coloured-white associations should be directed at these travesties of womanhood.

As one cynic said to me: "The problem isn't one of colour; it's just another variation of the old one of sex."

Perhaps he's right. Anyhow, we'll leave it at that. Because I feel that the American who said we Britons know nothing about the problem was talking sense.

★ Marching towards the approaching mid-century, the democracies punch home victory with ever greater civil achievements. This is a story of another dramatic conquest of Nature—the secret building of the mightiest power development the world has yet seen . . .



We thought the Boulder Dam was big, but this will be dwarfed by the colossal Canadian power project

Canada Builds Victory Dam

By HAROLD A. ALBERT

GREAT ACHIEVEMENTS OF TO-DAY—3

NOTHING is impossible to grey-haired Paddy Hawes. Shifting the landscape around is his life's work. He has moved mountains, elbowed rivers aside, engineered five of the biggest hydro-power schemes in Canada.

But his greatest thrill was when, ensconced in a cave in the Saguenay cliffs, he recently clicked home the contact lever on an 83,000-lb. charge of dynamite.

For a few seconds—while ten thousand watching men in the hills held their breath—nothing happened.

Five hundred yards away, in a ravine newly carved for the Saguenay River, a final 18,000-ton plug of rock held firm.

Then, as one of the rugged backwoodsmen said, it went "sky-high to hell."

The cliff swayed like a dancing girl. Boulders and stones leapt a thousand feet in the air. One 500-tonner blamphed like a bomb through the roof of a power-house. A final air-raid of rocks smashed a small town to matchwood.

"I figured they'd do about £10,000 of damage," Paddy Hawes told me. "But I'd have spent double that trying to clean up under water."

And then came a still mightier sound than the ear-splitting explosion—the roar of thousands of tons of unpent water washing the rest of the rock rubble, just as Paddy had calculated, into a giant hole in the river bed.

It was the crowning moment in the building of the greatest power development in the world—a close-kept secret of the wilderness 200 miles north of Quebec that's going to put out more horse-power than Boulder Dam or the Dnieper.

Boulder Dam develops 975,000 h.p. The ruined Dnieper Dam at its peak produced only 455,000 for the Soviets. The Saguenay - Shipshaw Dam will have a rated capacity of 1,500,000.

The might of Niagara itself produces only a third of that figure.

And this gigantic energy is going to be leashed to aluminium, turning out every year something in excess of the world's entire pre-war 600,000-ton output—enough aluminium for 40,000 big bombers a year, enough power, too, to open up hundreds of miles of new territory to settlers after the war.

It makes the brain reel.

Two years ago the great Aluminium Company of Canada, working full tilt on aluminium production for Britain, came to the end of its "cushion" of power reserves.

Mighty power is required to reduce four tons of bauxite to one ton of clean aluminium—power so great, in fact, that it has been customary to build the smelting plant wherever power could be found.

This time they determined to bring the power to the smelting plant.

Thirty-five thousand men—three times the army used on Boulder Dam—toiled on the job, working day and night in 10-hour shifts.

Thirty-five thousand men kept their secret under their hats.

Changing the Course

They sweated stripped to the waist through the baking Canadian summers—and worked on in winter at 40 below.

Before Shipshaw could even be started, three great storage dams had to be built higher upstream to control the headwaters from Lake St. John.

Paddy Hawes faced up to all three—and each in turn comprised a superb engineering feat.

With the first, for instance, the spuming waters swept away all attempts to make a temporary cofferdam that should have held back the current while the permanent dam was bridged.

So Paddy raised a 10,000-ton concrete obelisk, 92 ft. high, on piers overhanging the river . . . and then dynamited a single explosion to make it fall sidelong into the river—and there was the dam!

For the second £2,000,000 job at Dangerous Pass a road had to be logged 137 miles through the bush from the nearest railway.

To an even more inaccessible site 150 miles still farther north hundreds of men and horses and oxen were flown by 'plane.

Then, at Shipshaw itself, the men began their final conquest in this empire of power.

It meant literally changing the course of one of the world's deepest rivers—the raging Saguenay—and lifting it bodily from a valley to the top of a ridge, thus creating an extra 208-ft. waterfall of added power.

It meant they had to move six million cubic yards of earth and stone, had to hew out a new river bed 300 ft. wide and 33 ft. deep.

Then, to carry the racing water to the turbines, they had to drill six huge tunnels—each of railway width—for 645 ft. through solid rock.

And every man Jack knew it was a rush job, meant to implement our aluminium wealth at top speed.

In the summer they ran into quicksands and had to float half the equipment on rafts.

In the winter it grew so cold that the men hid their bunkhouse thermometers. They just didn't want to know the bad news.

Frozen earth could no longer be dug and had to be dynamited. That was on schedule. But gravel loads even froze to the trucks and had to be dynamited. Concrete froze before it could be placed.

There came the wind, wind that knocked and squeezed you breathless wind so unendurable and bitter that no man could work in it for more than an hour.

One man, seeking relief from it, crawled madly under the truck of a crane and was killed. Fifteen others died when an overheated bunkhouse went up in a puff of flame.

Others perished when a misjudged boulder from an unlucky blast fell from 700 ft. into a cookhouse.

Saboteurs Defeated

Saboteurs tried to cause trouble. A protective fence was built around Shipshaw—and the rumour spread that it was meant to enclose the men on the job for the duration.

A few dozen stampeded. The others saw through the fifth column. And the men themselves are believed to have started fires when illicit liquor dives and honky-tonks sprang up on the outskirts.

They burned out the undesirables!

Now they're finishing eighteen months ahead of schedule. That was the way they meant it. At worst, as one husky mechanic phrased it, it'll nick eighteen months off the length of the war.

Eighteen months of peace, 1,500,000 units of power development, the end of the aluminium scarcity—that is the great gift of Shipshaw.

Paddy Hawes watched the main course of the Saguenay diverted by five concrete dams into his man-made canal and boosted from the original ravine to the crest of a deep drop.

Three Months to Go

The canal was dug through dry land, with the water held back by control gates. When he blew up the final 18,000-ton segment of rock, there was a danger that the water might find leaks in the concrete. There was even a danger that the headblock above the two great power stations might not withstand the weight of the cascade and might give way.

But Shipshaw was watertight. Nothing gave way except where Paddy Hawes meant it to. Three days later, the first new 75,000 h.p. generator turned over. Three months from now the entire project will be finished.

Each day speeds our victory.

Jerry Pentland's Life-Saving Circus

A YOUTHFUL soldier recently posted to Port Moresby was taking a walk through a wood not far from his encampment when he suddenly stopped.

He had stumbled upon the weirdest miscellany of ancient aircraft.

* * *

He was a young man, and most of the machines he saw had gone out of production before he was born.

Then he noticed a stubby little ruddy-cheeked man.

This cherub in uniform—the young soldier had noted with an additional sense of shock that he was an officer—paused now and again to bestow an affectionate pat on one of the old flying tubs.

The youth didn't know it, but he was gazing on the ageless and legendary figure of Jerry Pentland, who came back from nowhere to do a job in the war.

Twenty-five years ago—some reports say even further back than that—Jerry Pentland was flying crazy little aeroplanes all over Australia.

But most people forgot about him when the war broke out.

He turned up again just when General MacArthur's staff were in the nail-biting phase concerning the numbers of Allied pilots who were making forced landings in hopeless jungle country in New Guinea and elsewhere.

Why not (Jerry said to them) collect a flotilla of ancient 'planes with low landing and take-off speeds, which could come down in lonely, inaccessible clearings and bring back stranded and/or wounded pilots?

The question of age came up, and it transpired—according to Jerry—that he was only fifty-two, and didn't feel it.

* * *

What the officers, of course, didn't know was that Jerry had been calling himself fifty-two for so many years that most of his acquaintances had forgotten when he was any other age!

So the irrepressible little man was given a commission in the Royal Australian Air Force, and within an incredibly short time he had assembled a fleet of the most ancient crates imaginable.

"Jerry Pentland's Circus," they dubbed it.

* * *

Jerry would disappear in one of his flying contraptions to scour the jungles, and he would land it where no aeroplane had ever landed before.

And presently he would reappear with a passenger.

In the first month he brought three lost pilots out alive.

The second month produced another nine valuable lives saved.

In the third month he scored the grand figure of twenty-three rescues—not far short of one a day!

He has been heard to observe that his first milestone will be a total of 100 lives saved.

But however far he goes he has already secured an immortal niche in the history of World War II.

PATRICK SPENCER.

WHEN THE BIG THREE MEET

★ The people of the United Nations look forward to the first meeting of Churchill, Roosevelt, and Stalin. They hope that the experts in collaboration will provide their leaders with an outline of the solution the Big Three must find together

THE tide sweeps on with relentless impetus. On land, on sea, in the air it gathers force and vehemence.

The eastern wall of Hitler's fortress is rocking and cracking. Italy has surrendered and the southern wall is in ruins. Day and night the terror from the West rains down upon the enemy.

The stranglehold of the blockade tightens as the U-boat menace crumples under blows like that reported from the Bay of Biscay, and with Italy's fall the Axis in Europe is as dead as a herring.

Germany stands alone, enveloped by victims thirsting for revenge.

Even in the far Pacific the sky darkens. Hitler's last hope of relief from that quarter is quenched by the dramatic stroke in New Guinea.

But of all the omens of ruin that crowd in upon Hitler, the most grim is the political. When the tide turned against him last November, he relied on two cards to save him. He put Doenitz, the U-boat expert, at the head of the navy, and gambled all on winning the Battle of the Atlantic.

The gamble failed. The U-boat is beaten, and the peril to the Atlantic life-line has passed.

* * *

There remained one more card, the disruption of the Allies. Hitler had conquered Europe through its disunion. "One by one." Now he might save himself by dismembering his enemy.

Every hour of the day and night his world-wide propaganda was engaged in the attempt to poiron the minds of the Allies against one another.

Britain and America were each secretly betraying the other. Both were intriguing against Russia. Stalin's object was to Bolshevise Europe, and Germany alone barred the way. (This to create panic in Anglo-Saxondom.)

Britain and America were leaving Russia in the lurch, hoping that Germany would "bleed her white." (This to deepen distrust in Russia of her Allies.) And so on.

* * *

IT WAS A DANGEROUS PLOT. IN THE FEVERISH ATMOSPHERE OF WAR THERE WERE PLENTY OF SUSPICIONS TO WORK ON. RELATIONS HAD LONG BEEN STRAINED BETWEEN BRITAIN AND AMERICA AND COMMUNIST RUSSIA.

In America there were always powerful anti-British elements to fan into flame, and in Britain equally there were influences hostile to America.

And the propaganda was aided by mischievous critics in the countries themselves. They belittled everything the Governments did, and were ready to lend colour to the malignant suggestions of the enemy.

Cordell Hull has just denounced these reckless mischief-makers in America. We are not without the same kidney here.

All the world realises the immense part Russia is playing in defeating the enemy. But she will also have to play a vital part in the peace

It was one thing, for example, for Russia, writhing under her terrific burden, to complain that her Allies were not doing enough. It was quite another thing for critics at home to ignore the mighty things Britain and America have done, on the sea, in the air, in Africa, in the Mediterranean, in the Pacific, and to suggest, as the American critic did, that we have not done more because the Government want to see Russia "bled white."

That is the sort of wicked lie that Hitler seeks to spread. It is a lie designed to help the enemy.

* * *

But to-day I think Hitler's attempt to disrupt the Allies has failed as completely as his attempt to cut the Atlantic life-line.

Throughout this summer—indeed ever since the concurrence of Stalingrad and El Alamein—there has been a steadily increasing sense of a common military strategy.

And side by side with this the political differences that Hitler seeks to exploit have faded out. This fact is due in a large measure to two dramatic strokes by Mr. Stalin.

In dissolving the International and in signifying his assent to the reconstitution of the Holy Synod in Russia, he has made gestures that have brought the Soviet system very much into step with the democratic world.

That system no longer seeks to impose its political philosophy on its neighbours, and it is no longer at war with the religious instincts of its own people.

THESE ARE GREAT STEPS IN THE DIRECTION OF TOLERANCE AND LIBERATION, AND THEY HAVE MADE A PROFOUND IMPRESSION UPON THE WORLD.

They go right to the heart of those freedoms for the establishment of which the democracies are waging this war. And in doing so they consolidate the ranks of the Allies and defeat Hitler's last hope of dodging the doom that overshadows him.

There is no need to stress the military importance of the improved atmosphere in Anglo-Russo-American relations. It is obvious that the closer the spiritual bonds that bind the Allies together and the more cordial their sympathies, the greater will be their striking power.

The greater also will be the despair of the enemy. The consciousness in Germany that Hitler's last card is a dud may well help to shorten the war by months.

And that that consciousness is spreading is clear from internal evidence. In its perplexity Goebbels' propaganda flounders like a ship without a rudder.

All his bag of tricks, Bolshevism, Capitalism, Jewish finance, and the rest, are blown on, and he is visibly bankrupt of bogies with which to scare the Allies into disunion.

* * *

But it is not the effect of the growing solidarity of the Allies upon the course of the war that alone makes it welcome.

AS THE SKY CLEARS WE ARE ALL LOOKING BEYOND THE WAR TO THE VAST TASK THAT LIES AHEAD. IN ALL THE HISTORY OF MANKIND THERE HAS BEEN NO TASK COMPARABLE WITH IT.

Hitler has wrecked the old world, and out of the ruins we have to reconstruct, not the old world, but a new world, based on the lessons we have learned from the wreck of the old.

If we don't do this, then victory will once more have been in vain, and a third world war will follow as inevitably as the night the day.

If we are to do it, then the essential condition is that the British Commonwealth, the United States and Russia, with China consenting, should be agreed upon the sort of world we mean to have.

* * *

This is no claim of priority. Some one must give the lead, and the duty belongs to those who have borne the burden of this war and will have to bear the burden of the next if once more things go wrong.

IF THEY ARE NOT TO GO WRONG THE BIG THREE MUST START THEM RIGHT, AND MUST DO IT NOW. THE PRINCIPLES OF SETTLEMENT HAVE BEEN DEFINED IN THE ATLANTIC CHARTER, AND THERE IS NO REASON TO QUESTION THEIR SOUNDNESS.

But good resolutions are not enough. The application of those principles to the stubborn facts must be tackled at once.

What is to be done with Germany?

How is war to be outlawed and the reign of law established?

What shape is the new World Order to take?

How is the world to be policed?

How are the air and sea to be demilitarised?

What are the territorial readjustments that should be made?

What are the sacrifices that we shall each be called upon to make to achieve the goal of a reconciled, just and law-abiding world?

These are among the great problems on which America, Russia and Britain should reach provisional solutions without delay.

May we not hope that when the anxiously awaited meeting of President Roosevelt, Mr. Stalin and Mr. Churchill takes place they will have before them the preliminary sketch of the solutions drafted by their experts in collaboration? The great news from Italy and the Ukraine warns us that there is no time to lose.

How the Germans Take It

IN spite of the relentless bombing of German cities on a much larger scale than what we experienced here during the memorable Blitz winter of 1940-41, there are so far no signs of a revolt nor even of an imminent collapse of the German morale.

★ ★ ★

Should we therefore infer that the Germans "can take it"?

The answer to this question was partly provided in a recent speech by the British Premier when he said that, in a totalitarian system armed with secret police, with courts controlled by the State and with a network of domestic spies and neighbourly informants "the broad masses are left without any influence upon their country's destinies."

Of course, this explanation does not cover the whole problem. Besides the broad masses who have lost—largely through their own fault—any influence on their country's destinies, and on their personal fate as well, there still are millions of fanatics who are willing, and even proud, to endure any ordeal which their Fuhrer or his under-bosses proclaim necessary for the greatness of Germany.

These fanatics are mainly young people. . .

When I was recently in North Africa an American Intelligence officer told me the story of a young prisoner whom he had to interrogate soon after his capture at Bizerta. The lad came from Mannheim in South-West Germany. The officer remarked to him that Mannheim had been severely bombed the month before, and he asked him whether he knew something about it.

"Certainly," the Nazi replied, "I had a long letter from my father who informed me that my mother was killed in that raid."

Then, with a suddenly changed voice, he went on defiantly: "But on that night we shot down twenty-three four-engine bombers!"

This was obviously more important to him than the death of his own mother. . . .

But besides these young monsters, moulded by ten years of Nazi "education," there are also others who react like human beings.

★ ★ ★

When Tunis was taken in a rush the Allies found at the main field post-office of the Afrika Korps piles of mail-bags just arrived from Germany with some 70,000 unopened letters from relatives and friends to the soldiers of Sixt von Arnim's army.

Specialised staffs have been busy studying these letters which have proved a gold-mine for experts of political warfare.

They found hundreds of letters from the Ruhr and the Rhineland, from Bremen and Hamburg, written after the big raids of the last winter and Spring which were far less devastating than the more recent ones.

★ ★ ★

Most of these letters were desperate.

Yet, these complaints were made at the end of April or the beginning of May, before the German disaster of Tunisia, the conquest of Sicily, the fall of Mussolini, the new costly retreat of the *Wehrmacht* in Southern Russia, the obvious failure of the U-boat campaign, and the enormously increased devastations of German cities.

Yet, and for the time being, the totalitarian State machine is still running.

One day, however, sooner or later, perhaps quite suddenly as in Italy, that machine will break down. But until then the answer to the question: "Can the Germans take it?" will be: "They have to. . . ."

VICTOR SCHIFF.

MEET

enemy. The consciousness in Germany that Hitler's last card is a dud may well help to shorten the war by months.

And that that consciousness is spreading is clear from internal evidence. In its perplexity Goebbels' propaganda flounders like a ship without a rudder.

All his bag of tricks, Bolshevism, Capitalism, Jewish finance, and the rest, are blown on, and he is visibly bankrupt of bogies with which to scare the Allies into disunion.

* * *

But it is not the effect of the growing solidarity of the Allies upon the course of the war that alone makes it welcome.

AS THE SKY CLEARS WE ARE ALL LOOKING BEYOND THE WAR TO THE VAST TASK THAT LIES AHEAD. IN ALL THE HISTORY OF MANKIND THERE HAS BEEN NO TASK COMPARABLE WITH IT.

Hitler has wrecked the old world, and out of the ruins we have to reconstruct, not the old world, but a new world, based on the lessons we have learned from the wreck of the old.

If we don't do this, then victory will once more have been in vain, and a third world war will follow as inevitably as the night the day.

If we are to do it, then the essential condition is that the British Commonwealth, the United States and Russia, with China consenting, should be agreed upon the sort of world we mean to have.

* * *

This is no claim of priority. Some one must give the lead, and the duty belongs to those who have borne the burden of this war and will have to bear the burden of the next if once more things go wrong.

IF THEY ARE NOT TO GO WRONG THE BIG THREE MUST START THEM RIGHT, AND MUST DO IT NOW. THE PRINCIPLES OF SETTLEMENT HAVE BEEN DEFINED IN THE ATLANTIC CHARTER, AND THERE IS NO REASON TO QUESTION THEIR SOUNDNESS.

But good resolutions are not enough. The application of those principles to the stubborn facts must be tackled at once.

What is to be done with Germany?

How is war to be outlawed and the reign of law established?

What shape is the new World Order to take?

How is the world to be policed?

How are the air and sea to be demilitarised?

What are the territorial readjustments that should be made?

What are the sacrifices that we shall each be called upon to make to achieve the goal of a reconciled, just and law-abiding world?

These are among the great problems on which America, Russia and Britain should reach provisional solutions without delay.

May we not hope that when the anxiously awaited meeting of President Roosevelt, Mr. Stalin and Mr. Churchill takes place they will have before them the preliminary sketch of the solutions drafted by their experts in collaboration? The great news from Italy and the Ukraine warns us that there is no time to lose.

England's green and pleasant land must belong to the people, who will find, perhaps suddenly, that they have won the war. Their future is in their own hands

Flowers make a pretty covering for ruins, but we must build something here that shall not perish from the earth

What You'll Get

By Hannen Swaffer

SUDDENLY, one morning, we shall read that the Germans have collapsed—that, ringed round by Allied armies still advancing, and bombed continually from the skies, even the most arrogant of Nazis has set up a squeal.

Optimists expect this to happen within a few months, or a year at the worst. Even the most Job-like of all pessimists predict it will come in 1945.

But come, inevitably, that day will.

What, then, will follow?

British serving-men, sailing on every sea, riding above the clouds or engaged in land fighting on two continents, guarding communications or in reserve on a third, or else training on a fourth, talk excitedly about the post-war world. The women, too, wonder about the shape it is to take.

Justice and Freedom

Thousands of letters that come from the battlefields and the camps overseas contain the phrase: "Are they going to let us down again, this time?"

A typical communication that reaches us from wives and mothers of prisoners of war in Italy contains these phrases:

"We the mothers and wives of Braintree and district wish to state that our boys did not fight for monuments to be kept safe. They fought for Liberty, Justice and Freedom.

"We do not want them to come back to the same conditions as their fathers did before them, and we are determined they shall not do so. At last the people are waking up and will not tolerate this Wait-and-See policy much longer. We all demand something to be done at once, for the sake of our dear boys, who mean so much to us all."

Never mind what our more old-fashioned rulers may think, this is the hour of the resurgence of the British people.

Under Baldwin and Chamberlain we had drifted into a complacent indifference that viewed, almost with unconcern, the sordidness of our industrial towns, the neglect of our farming folk, the backwardness of our education and the malnutrition endured by half the population.

Then, under the stress of war, the latent qualities of the British people rose to supreme heights. Not only as warriors, but as scientists, as artists, as skilled craftsmen—yes, in a hundred ways—they showed greatness.

Suppressed culture found newborn expression even while the bombs fell. Painters were found by the thousand in the ranks of Civil Defence. Working people turned to serious reading, many for the first time, and crowded to hear classical music wherever it was played.

And, under the emergency, our manufacturing productivity multiplied as the months passed.

Age of Leisure

It was the hour of our national renaissance. Britain was reborn.

Twice before in her history there had been similar moves forward—under Elizabeth and after the Napoleonic wars. The Elizabethans were supreme in Literature and Music.

The years that followed Napoleon's defeat saw our liberties broadened by the great Reform Act—and also the birth of Industrialism.

British inventions gave us the steam engine, the steamboat and the spinning jenny, and not only found work for many who hitherto had starved on the land, but also led to the mushroom growth of horrible towns that still exist to our shame.

Then, it was a scramble, not a plan.

Now, this time, the speed up of manufacture has been so great and the inventiveness in the minds of our scientists is so prolific that, if the opportunity is seized, we can enter, once the wastage of war is repaired, into the Age of Leisure of which William Morris dreamed.

But—is our will adamant enough to make us seize a chance that may never occur again?

Old System Failed

If plastics are used properly and we think no longer of red bricks, we can have beautiful towns—that is, if we also insist on the town-planning now held up by the plots of land-speculators and their friends in high places.

We can build, indeed, a Britain worthy of the island race that, in 1940, saved Mankind.

It can be a land in which the public schools, once stolen from the poor by the rich, and the universities, the older of which had charity foundations, can be open to all, however humble.

And it can also be a land in which, after a day of toil shortened by the proper use of machinery, the workers can all indulge in culture pursuits, act, sing, paint, do handicraft or dig their own gardens for their pleasure and for advantage to their households.

The New World is indeed here—if the men and women prove worthy to enter into it. It needs character, it needs courage, and it needs a determined will.

enemies are sowing the seeds of enemies are sewing the seeds of suspicion. They sneer at the planners on whom the future of the world depends. They use the word "liberty" when they really mean the old chaos and the old disorder

What they really want is the freedom of a few to exploit the many and the keeping in a score of hands of the power that should be controlled by all the people.

It was not the privileged, but the masses, that gave birth to the idea of a New London, delayed by the war, but still in process of birth—the Green Belt, the abolition of slums and improved public services.

Vested interests shouted "High rates" in 1937, but in vain. The common-sease of the masses, beating them, re-elected the London County Council.

Now, born of the war, forced on us by our realisation that the old system failed us—in Manufacture, in Diplomacy and in orthodox Religion—new ideas are entering the brains of the common folk in many lands.

As never before, the old men are seeing visions and the young men are dreaming dreams.

But how are they to be carried into practice?

The nation possesses to-day no leader who will call us to follow him into the City Beautiful.

There are admirable plans by the dozen. There is good will in abundance. There is idealism on every side.

Awaiting the Genius

But they await the genius who, boldly, can put the plans into one comprehensive scheme and then, with an eloquence born of faith, can combine the British people into a cohesive whole that will insist on its accomplishment.

Yes, wherever fighting men meet, they talk of these things. They wonder. Some of them hope. Some are disillusioned because of what they remember of 1919.

Well, in the long run, people get what they deserve. Under a democratic government such as we possess, the voters can end the old system and insist on a new one.

If Britain fails, in this the hour of her Great Chance, it is because the electorate is satisfied merely with "a job" on the same old terms.

WAR CHARITIES ROBBED

PARLIAMENT has flopped badly in its efforts to curb the charity racketeers.

Despite all its attempts to protect a generous public against downright exploitation, just as many fortune hunters as ever before are living—and living luxuriously—on the proceeds of appeals.

The War Charities Act came into force just under two years ago to place on the shoulders of local authorities the responsibility of ending the deliberate robbery which has been drying up charitable-mindedness at its fount.

BY OUR SPECIAL COMMISSIONER

GOOD EXAMPLES

With what result? A few examples will suffice to show.

One appeal-monger who has managed to collect many thousands of pounds from a trusting public in those two years has put in returns—merely because he has to—showing that little more than a tenth has reached charity.

Another who has raised large sums—for a so-called Service charity, in this case—has managed to pay over to charity little more than three of every ten pounds raised.

And one case is so outstanding that Scotland Yard is investigating it. A number of titled people appear to have been unwittingly deceived.

The result was that a colossal sum was raised.

And enough is known already to prove that very little was devoted to the purposes for which it was raised.

The plain fact is that the more astute appeals wanglers are laughing heartily at the War Charities Act.

EASY MONEY

Some of them are making tens of thousands a year with very little effort out of those good folk who are perhaps a little too ready with purse or cheque book.

They have found so many loopholes in the Act that I can reveal that people anxious to protect genuine charities against the damage attendant on this exploitation have prepared a special detailed memorandum on the subject for the Home Secretary.

It will teach that gentleman something about the inherent weaknesses of that Act and of some of the local authorities who, for the most part, have to administer it.

The idea behind this weak-kneed measure is a simple one—and with simpleness of another kind did Parliament pin high hopes on it!

Nobody can collect for a war charity who hasn't registered with a local authority.

The authority has to approve him. It has to approve his appeal. It has to approve, also, the committee of three that he must set up.

And before he gets due permission he has to advertise his intentions, so that any public objections can be noted.

Watertight, you might think.

It depends to some extent on the sublime trustfulness or otherwise of the local authority.

The good old-timers among charity wanglers can tell you where the easy-going local authorities are to be found—and districts (like the London area) which you had better leave alone unless you can put up a mighty bluff.

There are London charity wangles, and big ones. But at least it is a part of the country where only the cleverest can get away with it.

However, registration is not everything.

The charity promoter has to submit properly audited accounts to the local authority. And it is for the local authority to satisfy itself that a reasonable percentage of the money collected is being devoted to reputable charitable work—or forthwith withdraw its permission.

Now there are local authorities that have given permits to men with lists of convictions as long as your arm—without knowing their record.

From the names of people serving on those multitudinous committees of three a most formidable Rogues' Gallery could be compiled.

But the necessity of submitting properly audited accounts. . . . *There, you might judge, the trickster is bound to be caught out.*

But is he?

The charity promoter, whether he is honest or dishonest, must have a twelve months' run before he has any accounts to examine.

Then the accounts have to be audited. Then submitted. And next considered.

Two years may well elapse before the local authority has those accounts before it—even without excessive resort to the delaying tactics at which some appeals promoters are masters.

Well, the Act hasn't been in operation for two years.

Therefore, most local authorities are still waiting for the bulk of the accounts which they expect to be put before them in due course.

What will happen when they discover—as they will in the case of many of these so-called charities—that most of the money has gone into private pockets?

BE ON YOUR GUARD

They will withdraw permits from the promoters.

But that will not stop those promoters moving to another district and registering or attempting to register another charity, even if they have to hide their own identities behind somebody else's.

Registration assured, they will have another two years in which to rook the public before accounts are again expected from them.

And so it can go on—*ad infinitum.*

Certainly registration in one particular area will not entitle them to make door-to-door collections outside that area.

But they can write or telephone to any other part of Britain they choose, drawing attention to the "good work" they are doing in such-and-such a place—and then wait for the money to arrive.

There are other aspects of this charity wangling.

It is too easy for a trickster to "attach" himself to some honest and excellent national charitable organisation which has been duly registered.

All he does is to offer to run a dance or sale or stage a tournament or show for them.

Without making the inquiries that would show him to be a man of many convictions, they agree.

And so the bulk of the money he collects may well go into his own pockets.

Then there are the people who falsely represent themselves to be officials of reputable charities. There are many of them about.

One whose activities I have been investigating is Alfred Stanley Lamothe, of Somerby Road, Barking, who has been travelling round representing himself to be a collecting agent for the Royal Air Force Benevolent Fund.

Lamothe, who originally trained for the Church, already had one conviction for larceny and one for false pretences when he hit on this idea of exploiting the nation's gratitude to our airmen.

One's own vigilance is the best protection against these minor cheats.

DISMAL FAILURE

But as for the bigger and grosser tricksters who batten on charities, the men who start their own concerns, often with grandiose names, and who feed into their own pockets money that might be doing a tremendous amount of good in this war time Britain, it is easier for them to deceive.

The War Charities Act, which was designed to sweep them away, has failed dismally.

Not only do we want a more efficient broom, we want more determination and purpose behind it.

Mr. J. R. Griffin, General Secretary of the British Legion, says "I deplore the shocking weaknesses of the War Charities Act"

"EMPLOYMENT" RACKETEERS ARE ACTIVE

IN these days, when editorial space is so limited, I refrain from repeating specific warnings unless the need is urgent.

This one most certainly is!

For investment schemers, using the old "employment" racket as their bait, have started to defraud men now leaving the Forces on a scale that is already causing our police services considerable anxiety.

Numerous ex-Servicemen, sacrificing their savings to find what they hope will be lasting positions in civilian life, have lately been cheated by rogues whose operations are at present under official observation.

One of the first whose operations I hope to see officially investigated is *William Kates Furniss*—whom I criticised last Spring.

Recent inquiries convince me that this man has, in different guises, been imposing on job-seekers for years.

He has lately been dealing in a commodity known as "Electrolyfe," which is supposed to charge batteries immediately and redouble their life.

He is so versatile that he operates, as a sideline, in the guise of "Mystic," obtaining fees from gullible folk in return for "readings" of their future.

He has also, over a long period, sold trashy charms which he calls "Mystic Lucky Emblems."

His real name, I recently discovered is Jack Byfield.

As such—and he has managed to conceal his real identity for many years—he has been to prison for fraud and false pretences.

Until recently, he was still issuing his rosy "employment" propositions from an address at Ealing Broadway, London, W.5.

And many others are doing the same sort of thing.

That's why I most earnestly appeal to ex-Servicemen who, for health or other reasons, have recently been released from their military obligations, *not to part with money in any employment proposition without advice.*

The JOHN BULL Advice Bureau is always at your service. Why not take advantage of it whenever in doubt?

HUMAN MACHINE

Experience should be Used with Intelligence

Have you ever wished you could begin your life all over again?

"If I had only known then what I know now" is probably the most fervent expression of regret ever uttered by mankind!

We can't begin life all over again, but we can begin a new way of life, and we can begin it just whenever we choose.

If we can't wipe out the past, we can use it. If we can't undo, we can redo. If we can't altogether forget, we can re-learn.

After all, if we really could just wipe out the past and begin all over again, if we could just forget and start again—how much better off should we be? Not one little bit.

We should still do the same silly things, say the same silly things, make the same stupid mistakes, and commit the same errors.

What we want to do is to make sure that what we know now we put to practical use. We want to use the past, good or bad, to guide our future.

Anyone can make a mistake and no one thinks any the worse of him. But only a fool makes the same mistake twice.

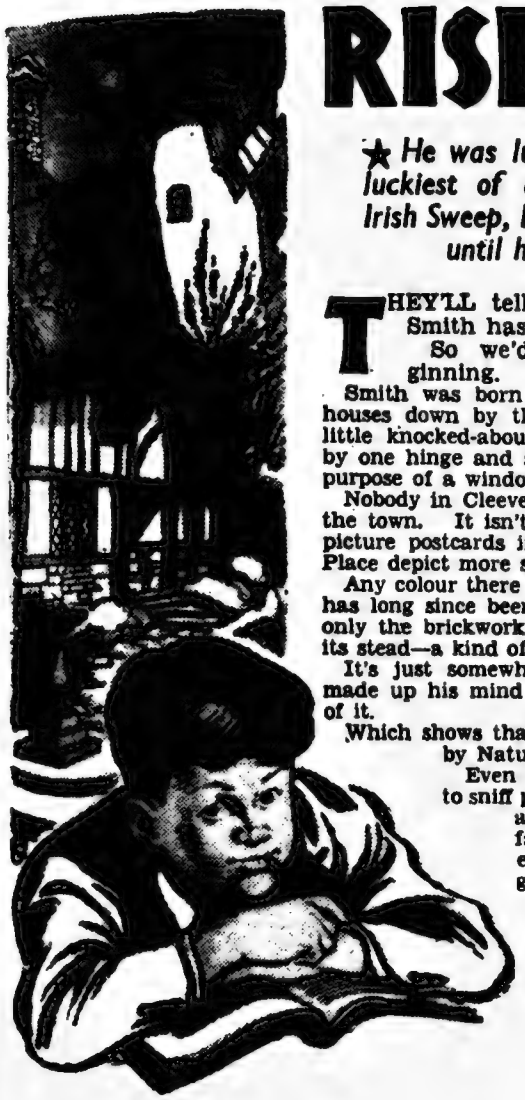
Experience has to be used with intelligence. It also needs humility.

If you believe that you can do no wrong you're unteachable. Not even experience can do anything for the complete fool!

PUBLIC BENEFACTOR

Mr. M. Forbes, Belgrave Place, Corstorphine, Edinburgh, has been awarded this week's £1 1s.

Letters relating to suspected scandals or ramps will be investigated if the facts warrant it. Address: Public Benefactor, JOHN BULL, *93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.*



RISE AND FALL

★ *He was lucky with competitions, luckiest of all when he won the Irish Sweep, but Smith was not happy until he lost his fortune*

THEY'LL tell you, in Cleever Hill, that Smith has come down in the world.

So we'd better start at the beginning.

Smith was born in one of those little terrace houses down by the river. One of those grubby little knocked-about places where doors hang on by one hinge and a sheet of cardboard serves the purpose of a window-pane.

Nobody in Cleever Hill brags about that part of the town. It isn't anything to brag about. The picture postcards in the shop windows of Market Place depict more salubrious parts of the town.

Any colour there ever was in the forsaken corner has long since been drained out of the place, and only the brickwork has taken on a new colour in its stead—a kind of dismal pale black.

It's just somewhere to get out of, and Smith made up his mind early in life that he'd get out of it.

Which shows that Smith must have been meant by Nature for better things.

Even before he went to school he used to sniff pointedly at the thick atmosphere and frown at the straw and old fag packets and dead rats which ended their careers in the gutters outside his home.

Sundial Cottage stood on the top of the hill, near the windmill. It was thatched and had a long path to the front door. It was like itself and nothing else

Translated out of almost-baby-talk, what young Smith used to say to himself was something like this: "It may be good enough for them, but first chance I get I'm off!"

He was too young to know anything about money. He didn't know that what with one thing and another it took the old dad all his time to keep even the place "down by the river" going. He didn't know that 7s. 6d. a week for rent took a bit of finding.

He only knew that (translated again) the old home was a mess.

He was a bright boy at school, so that setting out to get better things was not much trouble to him from the start.

"Young Smith," said his schoolmaster one day, "will get on. You'll see."

And young Smith heard him. Which helped.

When he was ten he saw for the first time Sundial Cottage, and he nodded as if the whole thing was as good as settled.

"That for me!" he told himself.

Sundial Cottage stood on the top of the hill, near the windmill. It was thatched and had a long path to the front door. It was like itself and nothing else. Whereas "down by the river" every hovel was just like every other hovel.

When he got home he told his family.

"I'm going to live in Sundial Cottage when I grow up," he said.

The old dad spat into the fire.

"Sundial Cottage?" he said.

"On top of the hill, near the windmill," said young Smith.

"Very nice," said the old dad. "I suppose you know it's eighteen bob a week rent. Say nothing of rates."

But young Smith didn't know what the old dad was talking about there. Not that he wanted to know. It sounded pretty dull.

He just went back the next day—and every day for months—and stared at Sundial Cottage on top of the hill near the windmill. That was more interesting.

"Trouble with the nipper," said the old dad, "is that he's got big ideas. He'll come a bump, he will. Keep to the station you're born in; that's the idea Sundial Cottage? Huh! Who's he think he is?"

Smith, like many another man, started life as an errand boy. The pay, according to the old dad, was good, but it only made young Smith sigh. He started to go in for competitions, to make life a bit brighter.

Once he won a penknife, and another time a book on natural history, but even that didn't put him off. He kept on. There came a great day when he won 7s. 6d.

"Keep on at this rate," said the old dad with a grin, "and you'll be able to *buy* Sundial Cottage."

To which young Smith said nothing. But he thought a lot.

He went into an office. He went behind a shop-counter. He went out on the road with a "book." His wages rose to thirty-five bob.

BUT he didn't mind. He had lots of plans on the side. His spare time was well filled. Every competition that came along he went in for. He actually won a guinea at crosswords.

And so the years went by. And the old mum and the old dad went with them. And brothers and sisters removed to other towns. Towns even worse. Homes even more dreary.

And then one day Smith won the Irish Sweep.

The sensation it caused! Brothers and sisters came back to Cleever Hill at once and stopped working and there was a real family row. Smith parted with £500 before he could get his family to go away and live somewhere else.

But although that might have been called a cloud most of the sky was sunny and bright.

He had never been so popular.

Before he knew where he was he was President of the Football Club, the Cricket Club, the Chamber of Commerce, and a dozen other things. He was the donor of countless Smith Cups for competition in the sports clubs. He was opening bazaars, making political speeches, standing more drinks than he thought could ever come out of a pub.

INSIDE six months he had bought six insolvent businesses, which became even more insolvent under his care.

He had to get up earlier and earlier in the morning to cope with things. He began to go to bed later and later at night.

Somebody said he would have to become Member of Parliament for Cleever Hill.

He bought a lot of land and presented Smith Park to the town. A street was named after him.

He went to live at the Manor House, the largest residence in that part of the country. He had twelve servants and a Rolls-Royce. He paid 5s. each for his cigars.

Life was hell with the lid off.

He became the most worried man in the world. There was nothing he could do. He couldn't even light one of his 5s. cigars. His "man" always did that for him. He couldn't drive his Rolls-Royce. That was the chauffeur's job. He couldn't dig in his garden. What was his gardener for?

He couldn't open a train door. A porter always leapt forward and did it for him in the hope of a half-crown tip. And got it.

Life was changed. Smith didn't live any more. He simply moved about and doled out cash. He was a cash register with a hat on.

The few old pals who still kept up with him only did it for what they could get out of him. He knew that.

And his new pals openly held out their hands.

He trusted nobody, liked nobody. Daily existence was a misery.

And he saw no way out of it. You couldn't give thousands away.

He was a rich man. He'd always wanted to be and now he was. And he didn't like the feel of it.

The rest of Cleever Hill did, though.

"This," said the rest of Cleever Hill, "can go on for ever. It's lovely."

But it didn't go on for ever. Something called a "financial crash" happened up in London and Smith lost his thousands in a day. All but one or two of them.

And now they don't tell him he's got to be their Member of Parliament. They don't open train doors for him. They don't even ask him to have one, most of them. He's a back number.

But he's perfectly happy. He smiles again. His life is his own. He has no Rolls-Royce, no servants, no 5s. cigars. He just manages to scrape along. But he's happy.

If you ask them, in Cleever Hill, they'll tell you that Smith has come down in the world.

Down to a little eighteen-bob-a-week place.

Yes, he left the Manor House long ago. He lives now, quite on his own, in Sundial Cottage, up on the top of the hill near the windmill.

★ 10-MINUTE STORY BY WILL SCOTT ★

—THAT MAN IN THE BOWLER—

BY Smiths I mean you and me and any ordinary sort of chap in a bowler hat and last year's spats.

Some of us are in khaki now. We're just numbers for the time being. But back of the uniform is the same as back of the gent's natty sports jacket. We're still Smiths at heart, because we always were.

I've been looking at some of these pictures of the wonderful London which is to arise in the future, beginning, perhaps, in the very near future.

* * *

Very clever pictures they are, too, designed by young men who seem to know everything about the art of architecture. But I do hope that they know, too, just a bit about the Smiths.

I hope they're not going to build for us a London which will only be to *look at*.

Imposing though it may be at first glance, the Promised Land can be a bit frightening when you think about it. It is a kind of latter-day Wembley Exhibition. It looks much too nice to be touched by vulgar people like the Smiths.

It looks as if it will need signs stuck all over it every hundred yards or so: *Please Keep Off the Capital.*

Now, Wembley was all right for a day or two. It was what is often nowadays called a "do," and "do's" are grand things in their time and place. But Wembley *for ever* would be unthinkable, and that's what makes me wonder about the Grand New World.

It would be just the place for Coronation Day and the Lord Mayor's Show and Officially Welcoming Somebody Important. But the Lord Mayor's Show comes only once a year, and Coronation Day about once in a lifetime—and we managed to get them in the old world, anyway. "Do's" are few and far between.

Surely in the Promised Land there would be no kerbside hawkers to sell us jumping toys in Holborn and on Ludgate Hill? They'd jar against the background of the Concrete Tomorrow.

In the Promised Land they would look, I am afraid, rather like *lice*.

And what about old bookshops, and the Little Pub up the Street? That hopelessly planned, back-to-front, up-a-passagey little "dive" which architecturally could not be defended but which was your favourite pub all the same.

* * *

And newsboys on the corners, costers' barrows, street markets, bargain sales, Boat Race Nights, the thousand-and-one things that made London for the Smiths. All to go?

Because they'd simply turn the place into a *slum*, wouldn't they?

The trouble, it seems to me, is that the Grand New World is being designed for Man, not for *men*.

It is significant that the parts of the old London which most closely resembled the promised new—the Embankment, the Mall, Constitution Hill and the rest—were nearly always three-quarters empty.

Oh, well. We shall see. You never know. We shall have to wait.

We've heard those tales before.

A. G.

WE OWE SEAMEN A FAIR DEAL

MERCHANT NAVY FORUM

● Roll 'em in! More letters you write, better "Forum" likes it. We're logging our victories. We've dug deep into questions of steel lifeboats and seamen's mail. Lifeboats are on their way. Letters are being speeded-up.

Ship's captain writes: "Is it apathy or just sheer ignorance; will we cease to exist when we've won the war? I don't like the present look of things."

Majority of Britons don't *yet* realise how completely the entire war situation depends on ships and seamen, seem only vaguely aware of link between ships and supplies, ships and strategy. Our most vital instrument of war is a well-organised, well-equipped, 100 per cent. satisfied Merchant Navy. We came perilously near disaster more than once, thanks to lack of foresight; arguments over ship's speed was largely responsible for past distress and tonnage losses. And under speed in post-war shipping can put Britain right out of the recovery race!

Thousands of tons of civilian supplies have been carried to North Africa, Sicily, Southern Italy; when victory is complete the Merchant Navy will be required to feed something like 150,000,000 freed Europeans.

★ ★ ★

This country grew famous and mighty by her merchant seamen; our fate to-day rests largely on their squared shoulders. But—certain shipowners complain about "post-war trade problems," hint at "big reduction of British tonnage *in the interests of national economy.*" Economy hell! "Forum's" captain correspondent writes: "Ships are also Peace 'weapons.' We know every ship is needed now and we're willing to ease up our grouses. But we demand a secure post-war future. Go to it, 'Forum'; we're proud to have you with us in *our* fight!"

Recognition of the magnitude of the Merchant Navy's achievement does not absolve Britain from vital necessity of planning the future. Current switchover of war-workers *should* provide for ships, ships, still more ships.

Planning is in the air to-day. Yet, excepting JOHN BULL'S recent new charter, there is no plan for the future of our vital lifelines by which all the benefits of mankind come to us. We demand a thriving Merchant Navy; we demand fast ships.

★ ★ ★

There is no confidence in the Merchant Navy that, when the war is won —*largely the victory of the common seamen*—their livelihood will be assured! Seamen will never return to pre-war conditions.

Food-fishery fleet note: Who was responsible for recent dumping of one million fresh herrings?

"Lost" seamen: In Pacific war zone 30,000 men are unaccounted for. "Forum's" message to next-of-kin is hope on! Japan holds the solution to many so-called "sea mysteries." And the writer of this column is here to help you.

VOICE OF THE TROOPS

THE human story of a small Cretan boy who knew the horrors of German invasion, and who made friends with the British troops, is told by a discharged soldier, Mr. W. H. Young, of Campion Road, Isleworth, Middlesex:

Death and terror came to the people of Canea, Crete, on a sunny morning, when the children were at play in the new sports arena near the centre of the town.

THE ITALIANS CAME

It came in the form of an Italian bomber, which sprayed the children with machine-gun bullets, then dropped its load of bombs on the pavilion and flew away.

There were several such visits in the early days.

Then came the British troops from Egypt, and soon they had won the hearts of the Cretans.

But I must tell you the story of Lustro Antonides, a small boy of eleven, ragged, shoeless, certainly under-nourished, but brown as a berry and as tough and healthy as the hard living on his island of Crete demanded.

When we arrived, Lustro began his comradeship with the British soldier. Life in those early days was dull enough for the troops. The garrison was small, with little to do and plenty of time in which to do it.

At night life was centred in the few small cafés, where food was plentiful and the wine was cheap and potent.

In the daytime the houses occupied by the soldiers were invaded by small boys anxious to earn a few drachmae by

The Cretans warmly welcomed the British: they are eagerly waiting to show their friendship when we return to help free them

washing dishes, running errands or cleaning boots.

It was then that Lustro decided to start in business as a bootblack, and, with an old soap-box, a few brushes and blacking begged from a kindly Tommy, set up his pitch outside the billet occupied by his patron's unit.

ENGLISH RATIONS

Trade was good, for the troops were only too glad to help this small, underfed, but pugnacious boy who fought off all threats of competition by his companions.

It was not long before he was being taken into the house and treated to such food as he had never dreamed of. Soon the men had bought him his first pair of decent shoes and had turned out their kit for socks and warm clothing.

Meanwhile, the war on the Albanian front dragged on. There came the day when German divisions swept down through Northern Greece.

NAZIS BY GLIDER

The unit whose men had adopted Lustro was called to the mainland to help stem the German advance. But by the time they had arrived in Athens our men were making their fighting retreat and there was little to do but turn and join in the evacuation.

Soon, Lustro saw the return of men at whose departure he had wept bitterly. They were rather different now.

They had seen war, they were wearing some of their equipment had been left behind in the woods at Argos, but they had brought their weapons back with them, and their spirit was stronger than ever.

They no longer dragged out a humdrum existence in the houses of Canea; the olive groves were their home in which they waited for the grim battle which they knew was to come.

But to Lustro they were still his good friends, and he made a daily journey out to the fields and the olive groves carrying wine, oranges and eggs: for food now was more of a problem for the troops on the island.

The attack was soon forthcoming.

The parachutes and the gliders came in the cold dawn. The quietness of the island gave place to a din of desperate battle between the tommy-guns of the airborne invaders and the rifles of the defenders.

Soon the bombers and the fighters came into action, and the scales tipped

SENSE OF HUMOUR SAVES THE DAY

A GREAT European dramatist once wrote a play to prove that everyone has little delusions about himself, and that without these delusions life would be intolerable.

In extreme cases a man may believe that he is a king or a genius, but the majority of delusions are more modest.

Is there any sense or use in swank? asks a woman reader. I do a small war-time job along with a number of other ex-housewives and a few "chars." The work is easy and most of the workers are decent souls. But there is one woman at my table who has an aristocratic complex!

I don't believe for a moment that she has a drop of blue blood in her veins, but, of course, she yarns about a cousin who has married the beautiful daughter of Lord So-and-So.

She had her holiday recently and came back looking lovely and brown. When I complimented her, she said: "Oh, yes, I had a letter from Lady 'X' asking me to spend the whole holiday at her country mansion. Colonel 'Z' and his daughter Rosemary were there, too. I was so happy to be with them—such dear old friends."

We were all taken in at first, but my husband happened to know the facts. The woman had spent the holiday fruit-picking. Very nice, too, but why all the ridiculous swank? What good did it do? Is there any explanation?

The woman probably spends her spare time devouring "Who's Who" and "Debrett's Peerage." Studying her, I think that Dickens was not so much clever as observant.

MOST of us have met people with similar pretensions, but to my way of thinking they are occasions for amusement rather than anger. There is something a trifle pathetic about them, too.

I imagine that people who create such fantasies are victims of the so-called inferiority complex. It may seem cruel to expose or undeceive them; but there are times when it is necessary.

Please try to give me some of your advice which has helped so many others, writes a young woman.

For a whole year I was courted by a very decent fellow, but because of his general dullness and lack of ambition I gave him up. Don't think me boastful—I am only anxious to be candid when I say that I always felt his superior in every way.

He has been asking me to go back to him, and my question to you is this: Should I risk another attempt at courtship?

I am afraid that if a girl has been thoroughly bored during courtship she will not overcome it by marrying.

He will not make her happy, since she has ambitions, and she will not make him happy either. She sees him as a dull dog.

There would be continual friction between them. She needs a man who is less gentlemanly but more alive.

How often do we hear people say: "If I could have my life over again I would do differently." A reader who has been brooding over the subject asks what I think about it.

Personally, he writes, I believe that if we had a second chance we should travel along just the same lines. It is all very well planning out after things have gone wrong.

Experience teaches us many things, but the lesson comes too late. If we had our lives again we should not have the benefit of the experience.

One is prone to make mistakes. That is human nature. There is also the unavoidable thing we term "Fate" which prevents us from acting differently. What is your verdict?

I have recommended the man to borrow a volume of Barrie's plays from the public library and read "Dear Brutus," which is all about this idea of a second chance.

The characters are given a second opportunity, but they (most of them) make the same mistakes. The crook is still a crook; the philanderer still philanders; but the artist has a daughter—a "might-have-been" day-dream.

★ *If you are in doubt, write to* **HUMANIST,** *at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. You will receive a guinea if your letter is quoted on this page (without, of course, giving your name)*

THE APPROACHING HOUR

GERMANY draws in her horns. Her horizon no longer expands. She has too many people to control in too many different lands. She has too many dangers to fear, too many coasts to defend. She's found that the countries she's occupied are like purses from which she can't spend!

GERMANY'S on the defence, she no longer seeks to aggress; her people are huddled in shelters, her roads stream with hordes in distress. She boasts loudly of Fortressed Walls, but they stand like roofless shells beneath the bomber's roaring skies, which turn her cities to blazing hells.

GERMANY knows she now the cup of surrender must drain, that her plight of 1918 will be upon her once again. She knows the price she will pay for her insatiable quest for Power. Germany draws in her horns at THE NAKED APPROACHING HOUR.

J. M.

★ *Have you an interesting letter from a relative in the Forces? ONE GUINEA will be paid for each one published—more if a good adventure story is used at greater length—and all letters are returned. 10s. 6d. for Readers' Views. Address all letters to "Voice," JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.*

heavily against the already battle-weary Allied troops.

Canea was systematically bombed, the small shops of the town were soon reduced to rubble.

Lustro, separated from his family, sought out the only other friends he knew. Creeping along the ditches, taking cover against the bullet-spraying Messerschmitts, the boy found his soldier friends fighting desperately against the Germans advancing from the aerodrome at Maleme.

And before long a small Greek boy could be seen firing a borrowed rifle, his thin shoulder bruised by the recoil, and tears of rage on his cheeks. He had previously found his family, where a German bomb had caught them.

HE WILL BE WAITING

The fighting retreat across the mountains to the beaches on the far side of the island, the relentless pursuit by bombs and ground-strafing Messerschmitts, and the deadly weariness—somewhere in all this is the end of Lustro's story, at least until the time when Greece comes into her own again.

But I feel that when we again set foot on that tough little island we shall find there a small, brown Cretan boy, waiting to greet his friends.

There is something pathetic about her inability to fit in with her colleagues

ughter—and she makes all the differce.

So much of our success and happiness epends upon character, and character epends partly upon our parentage and artly upon what happens to us in the rly years of life.

having a second chance implied having the same parents and upbringing we should develop very uch as we have already done. But we ight marry someone else, of course, and ave a different family.

There seems to be an element of luck this. But the writer of the letter ppears to believe in some inevitable fate" which governs these things.

Nearly all young lovers believe that fate" brought them together. Perhaps his is one of the illusions that makes fe happier? At present I am inclined discount "fate" altogether, but I am ill open to be convinced if the evidence strong enough.

[EDITOR'S NOTE: *Our last correspondent should also read the "Human Machine" on page 10.*]

AIR EPICS OF THE ACES—No. 5. By ROY DONNE

They Shot Down 21 Germans in a Day

"LUCK? . . . I'd say I'd plenty on the old squadron's biggest day," said the greatest fighter pilot of them all.

Group Captain A. G. Malan, double D.S.O., double D.F.C., Belgian Croix de Guerre, is the last man you'd expect to bow to the great god luck.

One look at him and you say: "Here's a 100 per cent. fighting machine who leaves nothing to chance and is one up on the other fellow all the way."

You can't imagine any Jerry opponent getting one in on him first.

He's on his toes all the time. Dynamic, with that machine-gun speed of thought and action that distinguish these split-second fighters.

Athletic, tanned like some Olympian in bronze, toughened by over two hundred combats.

Here, there and everywhere, with a quick eye on everything, leaving nothing to luck.

★ By June, 1941, A. G. Malan was the R.A.F.'s top-scoring fighter-pilot. In 1943 he is still leading, with a score of 32 German planes shot down. Here is the story of what he describes as his "lucky day"

Yet when I asked him at the key station of his crack group to tell me of his greatest moment in four years of war, he replied: "Oh, that was my *lucky* day."

"The day I was appointed squadron leader of Seventy-four and we went up and downed twenty-one and damaged seventeen of Jerry's best from breakfast to dinner time.

"It was sheer good fortune the big bag and my appointment coinciding that same day, August 8, 1940. But the powers that be must have thought: 'What a leader to kick off with a haul like that!'"

Actually Malan, beating the "postman" bearing his appointment as well as "Jerry" that day, was "upstairs" so early that in his report he described himself as flight-lieutenant leading one of the two flights.

Story in a Sentence

In one sentence is the most fortuitous story of the great Malan:

"There was a crash behind my head . . . a bullet came through my hood, passed through the back of my helmet, tore through the back of my goggles; and before I knew where I was the hood had flown back and my goggles had disappeared."

Another inch. . . .

And the world might never have heard of the man who by June, 1941, was top-scoring fighter pilot of the R.A.F., and who, with thirty-two Jerries to his credit, still leads after four years of war!

No, he won't forget his big day with Seventy-four in a hurry.

"My flight took off to patrol a convoy sailing down Channel south of the Isle of Wight," he recorded.

"We were lucky to find two formations of Junkers 87 dive-bombers and went straight at them.

"Some turned back at once; others went down on the convoy and attacked. We shot up a few bombers, then got mixed up with their escorting Me. 109's.

Couldn't Believe His Eyes

"I saw two of them coming straight at me. Suddenly, for no apparent reason, one did a half-roll and went down. I followed. I never fired, nor saw anyone else do so either, but he plunged into the sea.

"It just looked as if he'd committed suicide. I was so astonished I couldn't believe my eyes."

It was then, while watching for others, there was that crash behind Malan's head and that bullet went through his helmet!

After that he wasn't sorry to see both enemy bombers and fighters "going like mad for home."

Seventy-four did likewise, but more gladly than sadly. It had had a nice fat breakfast of six bombers and three fighters.

For lunch the boys were up again—a dozen of the best of them, all that could be afforded to make up a squadron in those times.

Off Beachy Head they saw thirty-six of Goering's crack Me. 110's at thirty to thirty-five thousand feet, where they took some reaching. One look at the twelve seemed enough for them: they swung round and beat it for France.

Malan suspected they were a blind to draw off the Spits. on a false scent, as just then he heard on his radio that the battle was on again south of the Isle of Wight.

Covering fifty miles, the Spits. were there within ten minutes.

Malan led a section of three to a point where, greatly outnumbered, they were high above a swarm of Me. 110's flying in an uncompleted circle at 4,000 ft.

"I was curious to know why they were circling round like that, and decided to have a crack.

"First we destroyed one we thought was intended to decoy us down; then, surprising them, we broke up that happy little circle. All of us got at least one each.

"I saw one Jerry clearly in the sea, for all around him was a big patch of green vapour. You could see it five miles away. Germans in the water used this device to show their friends where they were. But their friends cleared off. . . .

"All except one, which I suppose I'd overlooked. He attacked me, but came right into my gun-sights, so was really a sitting bird. I gave him a quick burst, and down he went to join the others in the water.

"Then we went home."

For breakfast and lunch Seventy-four bagged fourteen. For dinner another seven were added.

"It's the squadron that matters—not me," Malan insisted.

First Two Jerries

"Alongside that story of twenty-one in a day for a loss of two, my own greatest individual exploit seems small beer.

"But I'll tell you. It was when I went up in my 'daytime' Spit. and within ten minutes shot down two night raiders caught in searchlight beams."

He didn't claim they were the first two night Jerries brought down in the Battle of Britain. But they were.

The first two of seven destroyed on the night of June 18, 1940. By a short head his "luck" was in again.

Dunkirk was only three weeks old. Spirits weren't as gay as that bright midsummer moon which soon became known as Bombers' Moon.

Which would it help most—raiders, or fighter defenders and A.A. guns? "Seven in a night" sent a flicker of promise through dark doubt.

Now you know it was Malan, then an unnamed flight-lieutenant, whose glitter-

Group Captain A. G. Malan, D.S.O. and Bar, D.F.C. and Bar, Belgian Croix de Guerre

ing tracers found the first mortal mark at night.

Just before one o'clock he'd climbed to 8,000 feet, was patrolling over the Thames Estuary when he saw a twin-engined raider trapped in the searchlights' glare.

Its black crosses showed plainly as he attacked it from astern, closing to within fifty yards before riddling it with a four-seconds' burst. So close that as his bullets ripped into it his windscreen was smeared with oil.

Like a blazing torch it spiralled down to bury itself in Essex soil.

Its whining death-rattle had no sooner died away than Malan spotted another, 4,000 ft. above him.

Could he make the climb before it freed itself?

One thousand, two, three, four . . . he gave it five two-second bursts. Dense smoke belched out of it. A tiny, shining umbrella opened beneath it . . . one of its crew was escaping by parachute.

Malan, in combat cold and precise as a machine, says a fighter pilot "must never let emotions come into it."

Maybe just for once he did, that night of his greatest individual exploit.

Somewhere down below, not many miles away, his wife and infant son were sleeping under that Bombers' Moon!

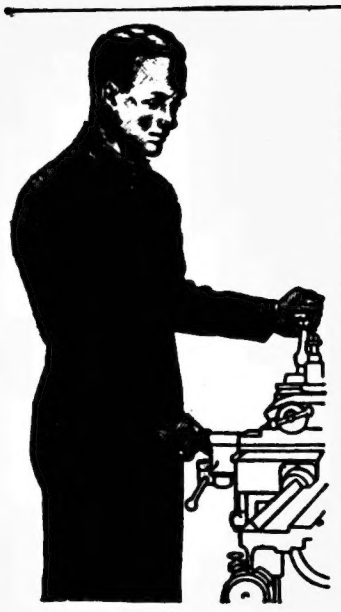
BROKEN GLASS

"GLASS, when it's a window, is a godsend, and a glass of beer is a public benefactor," said old George, the road sweeper.

"But glass, when it's broken, is the most pernicious stuff I know.

"Only last week I saw a lorry with its tyre right down, and the driver yanked out a long splinter of glass that had worked through; and, of course, it's even worse for cycles."

"Yes, and what's more," he added, "if I catch one of those kids that throws stones at milk bottles and breaks them I'll teach him what for, and I wouldn't mind doing the same to them as puts milk bottles outside in the road."



Though there's "austerity" in the design of to-day's Lybro Utility Overalls, there's plenty of good workmanship too. That's why Lybro is so sought after—and sometimes we're sorry to say, hard to obtain.

LYBRO UTILITY OVERALLS

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YEAST IS ON "WAR WORK"

The Government has recognised Yeast's great value to the health and strength of the nation by taking the purchase tax off pure Yeast products. Yeast is the richest source of the B Vitamins, and Yestamin is pure dried yeast, highly concentrated—an energising, protective, protein food-tonic which fortifies the nerves and strengthens the body. There is no drug in Yestamin—it is no mere temporary stimulus but a progressive and cumulative builder of health. It will put New Life into you at a cost of only a penny a day. Start on Yestamin *now* and stick to it.

OF ALL CHEMISTS

YESTAMIN VITAMIN YEAST TABLETS

THE ENGLISH GRAINS CO., LTD., BURTON-ON-TRENT

LAST LAUGH

MRS. G. (Glasgow).—"When I returned from a holiday I found my husband, who had been living alone, looking rather pale and worried." See letter below.

W. G. (Glasgow).—"When my wife was on holiday I broke her favourite ornament. I managed to glue it together, and so far she is none the wiser." See letter above

PRIVATE (Somewhere in Scotland).—"When I told my officers that I had exhibited my painting in many important shows, do you know what they did?" They gave you a pail and a brush, and asked you to whitewash the hut?

R. S. (Lanark).—"The man next door has his wireless set blaring every day, so do you know what I did?' Sold your own set?

GEORGE (Ayr).—"I don't know what my girl's father sees in me to object to." Perhaps he objects because he sees nothing in you.

S. N. (Wantage).—"German citizens have to notify the authorities of any change of address." This does not refer to the Fuehrer, who, since his first broadcast, has never changed his address.

F. N. (Hendon).—"Try sitting at home one evening and hold your wife's hand." Even if she doesn't play the piano?

P. N. (Iver).—"Could you give me a recipe for cold tomato soup?" One simple method is to be very late for dinner.

CRICKETER (Kennington).—"I must confess that the first time I batted in a county match I shook like a jelly, but I scored a century." Apparently you got set.

S. J. (London, N.).—"The 'bus conductress was a hefty girl and quickly ejected the rowdy passenger from her 'bus." Told him where he got off and gave him a fourpenny one?

PUZZLED (Thorpe).—"I sent two white shirts to the laundry and two lace curtains were returned to me." We rather think they *were* the shirts.

O. N. (Amersham).—"When a radio programme from a German factory went off the air suddenly the announcer explained that this was due to a mechanical fault." Perhaps an R.A.F. pilot had dropped a spanner in the works.

DOCTOR (London, S.).—"Pronounced facial characteristics are deceiving." It does not necessarily mean that a man with a Norman nose can trace his descent back to William the Conk.

OLD BILL: By Bruce Bairnsfather

"But I wants 'em to notice me, sir! Want 'em to think there's more than one man 'ere"

Side-Slips

DAGENHAM POST: — "Stealing from a store at the ——— works, ———, 11b. of INSULTING tape . . ."

BORDER COUNTIES ADVERTISER: — "It is natural for growing chickens to change their plumage continuously and from eight weeks the FATHERS are dropping out from both tail and wings . . ."

YORKSHIRE EVENING POST: — "The note here on cycle thefts prompts a reader to describe an effective LOOK that was in use twenty-five years ago . . ."

THE ADVERTISER: — "Seventeen-year old ——— of ———, FIVE INCHES TALL . . ."

CARDIGAN AND TIVY-SIDE ADVERTISER: — ". . . sister of the bride arrived too late for the WEEDING ceremony . . ."

Ah! THAT'S Stopped my HEADACHE!

Well! I'll never be without Beecham's Powders in future . . . they certainly are quick-acting and reliable in results. The Pain has entirely gone already and I feel full of energy again! And you say they are also good for Summer Colds and Chills, Hay-fever, Neuralgia and Nerve and Rheumatic Pains? No wonder everybody seems to be enquiring for them!

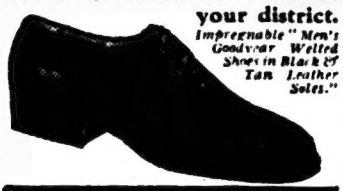
Prices in Great Britain (incl. Purchase Tax) Cartons of 8 Powders 1/4. Single Powders 2½d each.

BEECHAM'S POWDERS 2½D EACH

"A 100.. & just as I'd have wished to make them." says:

John White

IF the Government had given me a free hand I couldn't have made my Utility Footwear to a better specification, and I am pleased to market these Boots and Shoes under my famous *Impregnable* and *Temeraire* Brands. A 100 is the official Utility Mark allotted to me and it aptly describes this footwear. A 1 quality and 100 per cent. value. Look out for them in your district.



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Impregnable UTILITY FOOTWEAR

JOHN WHITE (*Impregnable Boots*) LTD. HIGHAM FERRERS, NORTHANTS

GREATEST OF THESE

● When Robert Woolley joined the Army in 1940 his medical category was A1. He was discharged in September, 1942, with acute rheumatism, his medical category reduced to Class E.

He has attempted to work after leaving the Army, but since March of this year has suffered from rheumatic fever and been too ill to work.

Mr. Woolley is married and has one child of nine. His wife is pluckily doing her best to keep the home going on wages of about £2 12s. a week. 14s. 6d. goes for rent and 5s. for insurance.

Now is the time when this family require some financial assistance to enable them to keep out of debt.

Will readers who are able to help please send donations, earmarked "Derby," or for our General Fund, to the Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund,* Box 44, 64, Long Acre, London, W.C.2? Acknowledgments are sent where names and addresses are given, but we are equally grateful to those who send donations anonymously.

Lists of subscriptions are kept at this office, and a copy of current week's will be sent on application.

No deductions are made, all administrative expenses being borne by JOHN BULL.

*Registered under the War Charities Act, 1940, as "The JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund."

1st PRIZE £50—'BULLETS' 1,390

F. Nicholson, "Sherwood," London Rd., Shrewsbury, for this "Bullet":

ON WITH THE WAR AND "MEET" STALIN THAT WAY!

£10: Mrs. F. L. Davis, 101, Highworth Rd., New Southgate, N.11.

Problem For Hitler—*And Dad*, "Keeping Tools."

£5: G. W. Bennett, 231, Downall Green Rd., Bryn, Wigan.

Father's Little Henhouse—Raised "Egg" On Forehead!

£4: W. Smith, 26, Second Ave., Manor Drive, Halifax.

Man In The Kremlin—"Liberator" With Heaviest "Load."

£3: J. Speakman, 2, Priory St., Warrington.

When The Bill Comes In—"Falls On" The "Doormat."

£3: C. Dobson, 114, Claremont Rd., Bowlalley, Halifax.

On With The War And—"Take Time Off" This!

RADIO PRIZES

NEXT PAGE

6 PRIZES OF 20s.:

W. Athol, 296, Camden Road, N.7.

Father's Little Hideaway—His Only "Green Fingers"

L./Cpl. N. Cornish, A.T.S., Somewhere-in-Britain.

Wizard Woolton—Conjurer Roosevelt—"Varnish's" Stock.

V. Penn, The Garage, South Molton, N. Devon.

Final Blow—Fritz Told "Be British!"

A. Furness, 123, Bostock St., Warrington.

In The Bag—Italy—Allies "In Big."

Cpl. J. Innes, Somewhere-in-Britain.

The Reason Why—Dad's Losing Reason, "Why—?"

J. Moss, 15, The Green, Calne.

To Punish The Huns—"Go Further" This Time!

A list of 20 winners of 10s. and 200 of 5s. [illegible] can be seen at these offices. 1,000 Merit Awards have also been posted.

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Runners-up Awards value £35 shared between 23 entrants.

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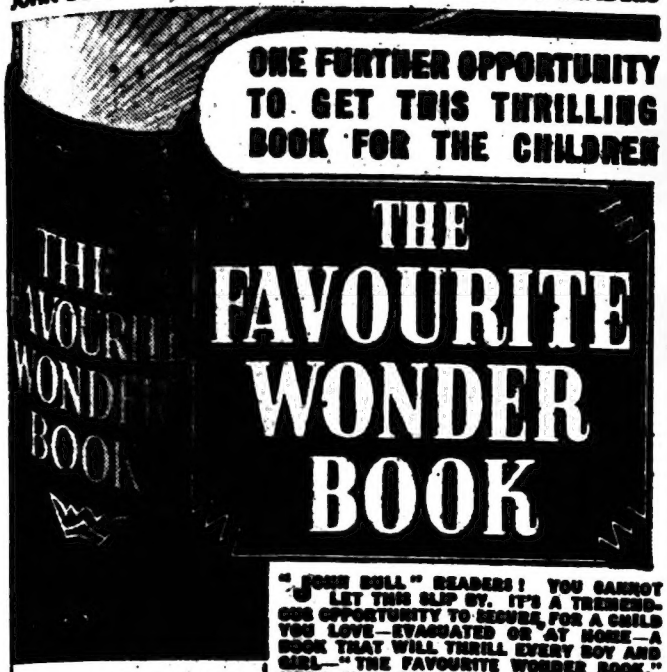

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140,000 WORDS
240 PICTURES

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F.W.B.

Mother! Child's Best Laxative is 'California Syrup of Figs'

Children love the pleasant taste of 'California Syrup of Figs,' and gladly take it even when bilious, feverish, sick or constipated. No other laxative regulates the tender little bowels so nicely. It sweetens the stomach and moves the bowels without cramping or over-acting.

Millions of mothers depend upon this gentle, harmless laxative.

Tell your chemist you want 'California Syrup of Figs,' which has full directions for babies and children of all ages. Obtainable everywhere at 1/4 and 2/6.

Venereal VD Diseases

This is an extract from one of the many letters received and permission has been given by the writer to use this extract.

"I would like a baby, but . . ."

"My thoughts have worried me so much I feel compelled to write for advice. Perhaps I am worrying needlessly but I have too much at stake to risk taking chances.

7 or 8 years ago I contracted Gonorrhœa. Within 3 days I consulted a doctor who specialised in V.D., and eventually I was passed as completely cured. Now comes my big worry. I have been married 2 years and my wife is beginning to take a poor view of not having a baby, and I certainly would like a little 'un, but the thought of perhaps dormant germs lurking in my system and perhaps infecting my wife and baby scares me.

Is this possible? Since being cured 8 years ago there never has been the least trace of disease."

The Doctor replies:

"You were very sensible to go for treatment at once. If only more people would do that we should have much less venereal disease. From what you tell me, I see no reason why you should not have a family. But it is better to be sure. I want you to go to a clinic at the address I give you and be tested. Tell the doctor all the facts. There is every likelihood that he will give you a clean bill of health and then you need not worry any more."

FREE CONFIDENTIAL ADVICE AND TREATMENT are available at clinics set up by County and County Borough Councils. Any doctor will give the address. Further information can be obtained IN CONFIDENCE from the Health Department at your local Council's offices, or by writing to the Medical Adviser, Central Council for Health Education, Dept. M-15-NM, Tavistock Sq., London, W.C.1. All replies are sent in plain envelopes.

Issued by the Ministry of Health, and the Central Council for Health Education.
(M-15-27)

Cephos THE PHYSICIANS' REMEDY

WILL BANISH YOUR HEADACHE QUICKLY

Cephos is not just a single drug but the prescription of an eminent Harley Street Physician.

Sold everywhere in tablet or powder form. 1/3, 3/-. Single dose 2d.

£150 For John Bull's ENTERTAINING XWORD!

First Prize for this week's Xword, £100 Cash . . . Awards value £25 between Runners-up

£25 CASH BONUS to be divided equally between winners of ANY PRIZE (First or Runners-up) in the series. Comers who also win ANY PRIZE next week

Xword No. 342 Result Page 14. Post this week's coupon to address at foot

CLUES Answer every clue by entering letter in entry column.	3p Entry-fee for 1 Col.	3p	3p	3p
1 LACK OF THIS ACCOUNTS FOR SOME PEOPLE BEING CALLOUS	F E E I N G			
2 SUCH A PERSON AT PARTY MAY WELL BE EMBARRASSING	S Y			
3 DIALOGUE IN DRAMA SHOULD BE THIS	T E S E			
4 WARSHIPS HAVE AT TIMES BEEN GIVEN JOB OF	C O A I N G			
5 FOR THIS YOU NEED WIND	F I E			
6 DOCTOR SOMETIMES ADVISES OLD PEOPLE TO TAKE SPECIAL	C R E			
7 IT'S REMARKABLE TO SEE WOMEN REPLACING HER BEHIND	C O U T E R			
8 THOSE WHO'VE TO FIND THEIR WAY ABOUT IN BAD LIGHT ARE LIKELY TO	C R U B L E			
9 WE MAY NOT LIKE ONE THAT'S SNUB	N O E			
10 IT'S COMMON FOR MEN TO BE FORCED BACK BY STRONG PRESSURE OF	W I N			
11 FARMER HAS TO DO THIS AT THE RIGHT TIME	D I			
12 OPEN KIND IS MORE INTERESTING	A C E			
13 REMAINDER OF ONE MAY WELL UPSET THE INEXPERIENCED	H O			
14 ITS COST CAN BE QUITE APPALLING	C A R A G E			

I agree to enter in accordance with Rules and enclose necessary P.O. or stamps entry-fee, including 1d. for "Gazette" dated Oct. 9.

P.O. Value.....

No. .....

Signed .....

Address .....

346

CLOSING POSTMARK MONDAY, SEPT. 27

8 COLUMNS FOR ONLY 1/6

To the 4 cols. on coupon you may add extra 4 cols. in blank margin on right. Total entry-fee for 8 cols. is 1s. 6d. only, including TWO FREE.

CUT ROUND THIS LINE

RULES 1.—First Prize in Bullets will be awarded for best Bullet received, and other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. Xwords First Prize will go to the competitor submitting most meritorious set of Answers to Clues provided, test in this case being aptness and accuracy of Answers in relation to Clues. Prize divided in event of tie or ties. Not more than one Award Prize per contest, or one shared extra £25, allowed to any one entrant. Complete Award in ink, not pencil. 2.—The Editor undertakes that every entry in Bullets and Xwords shall receive careful consideration by staff of competent adjudicators. 3.—To cover 1d. Bulletin charge and entry-fee enclose P.O. or stamps—6d. per two Bullets or 6d. per two Xword columns used. Two Xword columns FREE with each six paid. Two Bullets FREE with each four paid. If P.O. used, make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Members of H.M. Forces allowed half-rate entry-fee if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated. 4.—Entries are only accepted on the condition that results of this week's Contest to appear in "John Bull" dated Oct. 16, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families not eligible.

USE any of these "EXAMPLES"

TO make a Bullet simply add TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the Examples below. Winners on page 14 show you various ways to score. Joy Wire Day—Friday, Oct. 8.

HITLER'S APPLE-CART
THE WAR'S NOT WON YET, SO
WE REMEMBER WHEN
DAY OF VICTORY
IN OFFICIAL CIRCLES
HEALTHY CHILD
FIGHTING FOR US
ECONOMY'S ESSENTIAL, BUT
THE MANAGEMENT
PRETTY ROTTEN

BULLETS 1,390 RESULT appears on page 14

ABSENTEES
THOROUGHNESS PAYS, SO
POLITICAL STORM
BEARING FRUIT
SABOTAGE
WHY HE'S SCARED
AT THE CROSS-ROADS
LIKE A HOUSE ON FIRE
MILITARY EXPERT
MUSIC IN HER EARS

Six "Examples" below are for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line. Then make your "Bullets" as usual.

IF WE WANT.....
WON BY .....
..... FOR BERLIN
SWORD OF .....
UP CAME A ..... AND
LONG WAY FROM .....

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

2 FREE BULLETS allowed with 4 paid—enter in blank margin below.

I agree to enter in accordance with the Rules and enclose P.O. or stamps entry fee at the rate of 6d. for each two paid Bullets, my remittance including 1d. for "Bullets" Bulletin dated Oct. 9. IF INK RUNS, USE PLAIN PAPER OF COUPON SIZE.

P.O. Value.....

No. .....

Closing Postmark, Monday, Sept. 27

1,394

Signed .....

Address.....

CUT ROUND THIS LINE

ADDRESS ENTRY "Bullets" No. 1,394—or Xword No. 346, "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2 (Comp.).

It's their lucky day when they find some

FAMILY HEALTH SOAP 2d PER TABLET (1 COUPON)

cleans ... and protects

KH 93-861 JOHN KNIGHT LTD., LONDON, E.16

How to get a MACLEAN SHAVE

Just try the quick lathering properties of Macleans Shaving Cream and notice its soothing effect on your skin. See how economical it is, too. A very little Macleans gives you the easiest, smoothest shave you ever enjoyed.

1 Wet the beard thoroughly.
2 Put a little cream on chin with finger tip (do not dip brush in jar).
3 Lather with plenty of water on brush.

PER 1/3 JAR

"Keep it Going"

"I want to hear the Brains Trust" screams Little Arthur: "And I want the Children's Hour", says Mum. But all is silence. Yet there is hope, for Dad has a copy of "Keep it Going", our little book on the care and simple servicing of wireless sets in wartime. With the help of this little book and a lot of luck, Dad will soon get the set working again.

PRICE 6d. FROM ALL

MURPHY DEALERS

If you are quite unable to find a Murphy Dealer, as a last resort write direct to Publications Dept., Murphy Radio Ltd., Welwyn Garden City, Herts.

CRC 137

CONGRATULATIONS ONCE AGAIN!

Bermondsey, S.E.1.
July 19th, 1943.

Dear Sirs,
Congratulations once again for your excellent Yeast-Vite tonic tablets.

I am employed as a Government night watchman with long hours night duty, checking up passes of people going in and coming out at a large building. Without these famous tablets I could not carry on this duty. I am keeping fit as a fiddle, eat well, sleep well, feel well.

I shall always recommend Yeast-Vite at all times to my many friends as a remedy the general public can rely on.

(Sgd.) A. S.

"A SURE PROOF"

Farnham, Surrey.
July 19th, 1943.

Dear Sirs,
As a constant user of your Yeast-Vite tablets, I have great belief in them, and a sure proof of their relief.

(Sgd.) B. A.

If you suffer from Headaches, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Nerves, Indigestion, Sleeplessness, Constipation, simply obtain a bottle of YEAST-VITE Tonic Tablets, now in TWO SIZES ONLY, price 1/4 and 3/3 per bottle including purchase tax. Do not blame your chemist if he is temporarily out of stock, he is doing his best in these difficult days of limited supplies and restricted transport,
Irving's Yeast-Vite, Ltd., Watford.

After you, Spot!

Of course Spot likes a bone to gnaw, but don't just give it to him and forget it. After he's done with it, it is essential salvage for the making of a score of items to help the war along and hasten victory.

What do I do...?

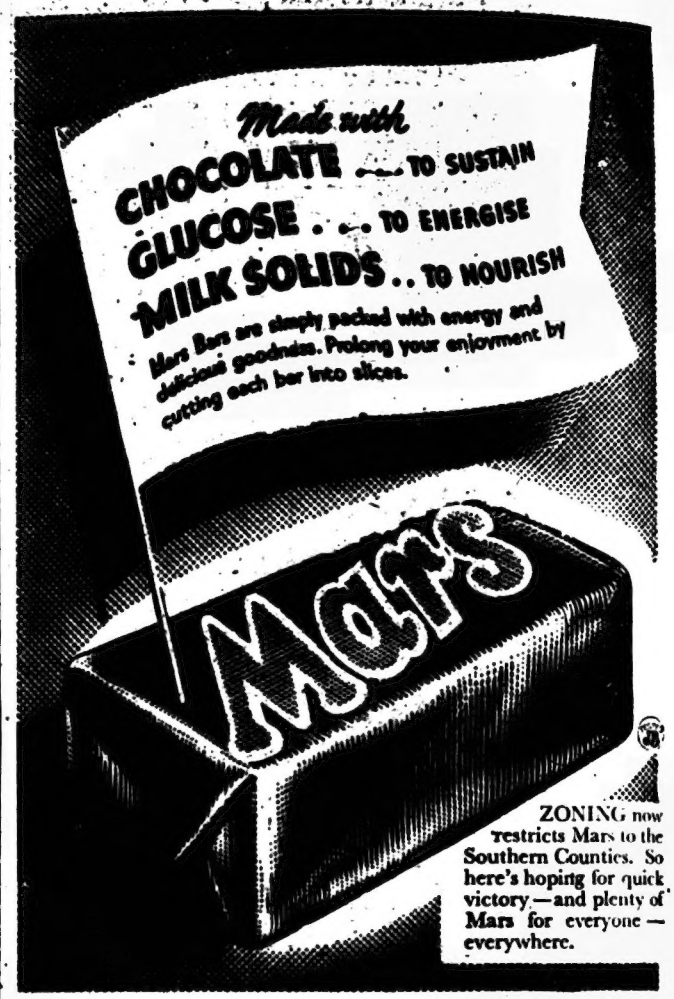
I save all bones (except fish bones) and put them out for salvage.

I remove all large pieces of meat, fat and gristle and then dry the bones in the sun or in a warm oven, utilising the waste heat after cooking.

I keep the bones in a well-ventilated container, separate from other salvage, ready for the salvage collector when he calls. Or I put them in the bone bin down the road if one is available.

Issued by the Ministry of Information

Space presented to the Nation by the Brewers' Society


Made with
CHOCOLATE ... TO SUSTAIN
GLUCOSE ... TO ENERGISE
MILK SOLIDS .. TO NOURISH
Mars Bars are simply packed with energy and delicious goodness. Prolong your enjoyment by cutting each bar into slices.
Mars

ZONING now restricts Mars to the Southern Counties. So here's hoping for quick victory—and plenty of Mars for everyone—everywhere.

Why not Keep HEALTHY RADIANT & SLIM

Abundant vitality, sparkling eyes, clear skin, a slender well-proportioned figure—these are possible when the system is kept free from fat-forming residue. So 'slim while you sleep' with the aid of Bile Beans at bedtime.

Bile Beans—just a couple each night—tone up the system, purify the blood and ensure regular daily elimination. They keep you healthy, radiant, and youthful, and enable you to attain and retain that longed-for slimness. So—

Remember Your Nightly

BILE BEANS

Phosferine built up my constitution

—gave me confidence (at 54) to start business all over again—says D.W.

"Some months ago my shop and house was demolished by enemy action... but Phosferine gradually but surely built up my constitution... gave me confidence to start business all over again (at the age of 54)."

(Sgd.) D.W., Cheshire.

When things have gone against you and you need all the strength and energy you can muster—take a dose of Phosferine. It will buck you up, replace your lost vitality.

1/4 (No. 1 size) & 3/3 (No. 2 size) (Including Purchase Tax)

2 *Tablets equal* 10 *drops*

PHOSFERINE

(Tablets or Liquid)

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